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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1910.

The Week.

Senator Cummins recently made the valiant remark: "There is nothing which appeals to me as being so absurd as a Republican trying to elect a Democrat to Congress because he is dissatisfied with the tariff bill." It is, indeed, as absurd as a Republican trying to elect an insurgent for the same foolish reason. Is it the mark of a Progressive to denounce the Payne-Aldrich bill as so bad that one must break with a President, if necessary, in order to vote against it, but to explain that it is not bad enough to justify voting against a member of Congress who voted for it, if that would mean voting for a Democrat? The Senator should have made his position clearer during the fight in the Senate, where his language was not suggestive of such delicate discrimination.

It is both amusing and significant to see how unanimous the supporters of the Payne-Aldrich tariff are in the claim that it made heavy reductions in rates and large additions to the free list. It is as if the churches should boast that their operations for the year had resulted in large diminutions in their actual membership and great loss of zeal on the part of many still upon the rolls. A protectionist with real faith in his work ought to be heralding from the housetops the large number of articles around which he had thrown the ramparts of protection and pointing with peculiar pride to the extreme height and solidity of the tariff walls which he had helped to build. If he has voted for a duty of 137 per cent. upon some article which outsiders would like to provide for us at half the present market price, he ought to be printing that fact on a poster bearing his photograph and circulating it all over the land, instead of raking the *Congressional Record* for some roll-call in which he was not present to vote with the standpatters, and pledging himself not to vote for Cannon in the Republican caucus. If our protectionist friends are not careful, they will arouse the suspicion that the only part of their work they are not at heart ashamed of is that in which they were frightened into making concessions to the other side.

In his latest letter to Judge Baldwin, Mr. Roosevelt runs away entirely from his original charge. That was perfectly specific, and met with a specific denial from Judge Baldwin. But without withdrawal or apology, Mr. Roosevelt drops all that and passes on to the discussion of certain judicial decisions of Judge Baldwin which the Colonel declares to have been sadly retrogressive. It never occurs to him, however, to ask whether Judge Baldwin was deciding, not what his own individual opinion might be, but what the law was. In his own letter Mr. Roosevelt confesses that the Federal law had to be changed on the subject of employers' liability and the doctrine of fellow-servant, before the courts could depart from the established precedents; yet he speaks of Judge Baldwin as "Bourbon and reactionary" because he would not, on the bench, make up the law out of his own head.

In Massachusetts the Democrats are begging for more Roosevelt speeches. The one he made there, with his reckless and unfounded attack upon Mr. Foss as a stock gambler, is estimated by the Boston *Transcript*, which is supporting the Republican ticket, to have cost that party 15,000 votes. Mr. Foss is displaying all those qualities as a campaigner which led to his election to Congress, and with unerring instinct he is laying all his emphasis upon the tariff, and demanding that the taxes on foodstuffs be removed. His appeal for freer trade with Canada is awakening many an echo. There, too, the Republicans are falling back in their distress and confusion upon personal attacks. Lieut.-Gov. Frothingham insists that Mr. Foss is but a tool of the Fitzgerald and Curley Boston machine—the Boston Tammany. That issue seems to be taking just as little in Massachusetts as in New York. The result is that Republican confidence in a walk-over has completely disappeared, as have the odds on Draper, and the leaders admit that, impossible as it seemed two weeks ago, they are now fighting for their political lives.

Republican candidates in Cook County are finding it necessary to request the support of so regular a stand-by as the *Inter Ocean*, but in reply that usually certain voice wavers. Its unequivocal announcement in former years would have been that it would support every Republican on the ticket. Now it will support any Republican on the county ticket who publicly will take in good faith a pledge repudiating "the Busse thieves at the City Hall." Even this one might understand, despite the silence of the other Chicago newspapers on the Mayor's thievery. But the declaration does not stop here. "And until such pledge is publicly and unreservedly given, we will support the Democratic opponents of the Republican candidates who have accepted and are accepting the favor and sponsorship of the Busse-thieves at the City Hall, and of their allies in the county and State governments." It will be a pity if this fine display of morality and independence does not compel a more equable division of the spoils.

The New York campaign has its asperities and commotions, but it is as tranquil as a summer lake in comparison with the goings on in Ohio. There they have an irrepressible Foraker—or at least a Foraker who wouldn't be repressed until he had fired his shot at Roosevelt; and, naturally enough, Mr. Garfield took up the cudgels for the Roosevelt side. He declared that the party must choose between him and Foraker; that he would not continue on the stump unless Foraker were muzzled. The first consequence was that Foraker announced that he would retire into his shell. But later, Mr. Harding, the Republican candidate, succeeded in inducing the two men to lay down their arms—until after the election. Yet they continue to glower at each other. Gov. Harmon, however, suggests a joint debate between Foraker and Roosevelt as the most interesting thing that could be put before the Ohio voters; but he is probably satisfied with the situation as it is, without the addition of any such feature to the Republican happy-family show.

It is a duller campaign than the pres-

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ent one in which the experienced political orator cannot present "issues" that appeal to the noblest sentiments. In Indiana, one of Senator Beveridge's young supporters is "an evangel of liberty," Gifford Pinchot "has the blood of the Huguenots in his veins," and, as the Senator himself says, it is the fireside and the altar which progressive Republicanism is trying to save from desecration. Tennessee does almost as well. The supporters of the fusion candidate for Governor, with his acquiescence, have been presenting to the voters a pretty romance of his early life in an orphanage, his study of law with hard-earned money that scarcely sufficed to buy him clothes, and his carving out of his own fortune. The stupid facts seem to be that at the age of three years he was adopted into the family of one of the wealthiest citizens of the State, and that he was at no time an inmate of an orphanage. How far this unfortunate defect of his childhood will affect the general opinion of his qualifications for the Governorship is uncertain, but there ought to be no uncertainty about the effect of such attempts at deception. Although the line between sentiment and sentimentality is hazier than that between the sublime and the ridiculous, campaign speakers evince a decided instinct for getting on the lower side of it.

The scheme for modifying the second-class postage rate on magazines and periodicals which it is said may be recommended by the President in his coming annual message, is worth consideration. The proposed plan is to continue the present one-cent-a-pound rate so far as regards reading matter, but to charge a higher rate on the advertising. The amount to be paid would, of course, be ascertained by the examination of sample copies, the publishers being required to pay on the whole output in the proportions thus determined. The scheme would seem to be quite feasible, and as to its justice, it may be said that it would be tantamount simply to withdrawing from the advertising a portion of that preferential rate which is granted to periodicals on the express ground of the desirability of encouraging the dissemination of periodical literature. As for the necessity of any such step, and as to the business facts underlying the matter, there has been no little controversy; but Postmaster-General Hitchcock has given to the subject a great deal of attention and caused it to be thoroughly investigated, so that there is at least a strong presumption in favor of his views. If we had—as we may have in the near future—a permanent administrative officer of high class as the practical head of the Post Office Department, questions of this kind would be settled much more rapidly, because the statements and the recommendations of such an officer would be accepted, by the public and by Congress, as authoritative in a degree that is impossible under the present system.

Discussing "Economics in the College Course," in the current number of the *Educational Review*, Prof. H. D. Mussey of Columbia admirably expresses, in one of his statements, a function that this study ought to perform. "A science," he says, "that teaches a student to pick out essential and underlying causes, and at the same time give due weight to temporary disturbing influences, may fairly claim high rank as a means of developing scientific temper and habits of work." The remark is peculiarly interesting at the present time, because of the vast amount of talk about high prices and the cost of living that is going on all over the world, and the extremely small amount of scientific temper and habits of thought that is being exhibited even in the higher intellectual strata, not to speak of the general mass and the shallow appeals made to it. That there is not a greater body of really intelligent thought on the subject is, we feel sure, largely attributable to the comparative neglect into which the first half of what Professor Mussey refers to has fallen in the past generation—the concentration of attention upon essential and underlying causes. Fifty years ago the trouble was doubtless of the opposite kind—the tendency was to exploit a simple and fundamental formula as adequate to the solution of the most complex problems; but nowadays the pendulum has swung so far the other way that the most pressing duty of the economic teacher and writer is to insist that there are some things which are fundamental, and that he who fails to appreciate these is simply unfitted to discuss economic questions at all.

The law should be no respecter of persons, and we hesitate to say a word that might look like criticism of an action in that line. But even in so solemn a business as the enforcement of the customs laws at the port of New York, there is a point at which the sense of humor should step in to mitigate the heroics. When it comes to holding up a private collector who enters a seventeenth-century crucifix as exempt from duty on account of age, because it is possible that the crucifix may be a newly-manufactured counterfeit, we get the sort of thing that is calculated to bring the law into ridicule. One defence of this action of the custom-house inspectors may indeed be suggested, and if this is the ground on which they really acted we have, of course, nothing to say. If it was actually the purpose of the law to protect American makers of counterfeit antiques against the pauper labor of European counterfeiters, no precaution should be omitted to effect this patriotic object. Even if there was only one chance in a thousand that the bringing in of Miss Morgan's crucifix would deprive some home manufacturer of bogus antiques of the easy market to which he is entitled, that would be sufficient justification for the most severe measures. A square deal for the American laboring man must be insisted on at all hazards.

The Supreme Court of Oklahoma has upheld the negro-disfranchising Constitutional amendment adopted August second last. Under it all negroes whose grandfathers were slaves must submit to an educational test, and so must all naturalized citizens from countries where they did not have the right to ballot, as well as all blanket Indians. But the Supreme Court holds that the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Osages who form ninety per cent. of Oklahoma's Indian population shall not have to submit to an educational test, as there was an electoral form of government over them prior to 1866. Naturally, the negroes are very indignant at the plight they find themselves in—not because they are afraid of the educational test, but because they know that the test will be applied so as to pass every white man, foreign-born or otherwise, while they will be defrauded of a part in the government—through the Indians' vote—by

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subterfuge, by trickery, or open lawlessness. So bitter is the feeling among the colored people that, fearing riots at the polls, the State militia is to be held in readiness on election day. To the credit of the Republicans be it said that they have no part in this fraud, and that their candidate for Governor denounces it.

Mr. Edward Robinson's accession to the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum is the natural result of his intelligent service in that institution, as first lieutenant under Sir Purdon Clarke, and will give general satisfaction. In addition to his special attainments, which won him reputation with scholars while he was in the administration of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Mr. Robinson has the personal qualities requisite in his new position at the Metropolitan. He has, for example, the artistic conscientiousness which would make him insist upon exhibits being absolutely authentic, or, if not, labelled for exactly what they are. This scientific love of truth has, of course, been a ruling passion in the Metropolitan during recent years, but the intrusion of a different spirit has always to be guarded against, and we may be sure that it will be totally barred out while Mr. Robinson is Director. For the rest, we are confident that he will bring to his new duties the most enlightened conceptions of museum administration, and especially that he will do everything possible to make the art treasures of the Metropolitan fully available in the education of the popular taste.

The review by the Hague Tribunal of the Barge award in the Orinoco steamship case is a victory for the United States in its contention of the substantial injustice of that decision. The Tribunal, in thus reopening the case, establishes itself as a court of appeal, although such appeal cannot be taken, of course, without the agreement of the parties in controversy. One of the next steps in the development of the Tribunal ought to be its power as a court of review, to which any aggrieved nation could carry an award for final settlement. In this case the Barge finding was declared null on four points, the remaining American contentions being rejected. The rejection of these four resulted in increasing the money award to the American company, but only slightly as compared with their claim of above a million dollars damages. Nevertheless, the decision settles a long-standing dispute in a way that should be fruitful of international juridic progress.

Prime Minister Briand's success, not only in ending the railway strike, but in securing an overwhelming endorsement in the Chamber, shows once more how strong is the conservative instinct in the French people. They really yield to none in their firm purpose to establish law and order, and to support the rulers who insist upon doing it. The great masses of the population want industry to go on in peace, and every artisan and peasant to have a chance to do his work and make his savings undisturbed; and they are ready to stand by a government which puts down with a hard hand reckless agitators who would break up the whole social order. Hence, the otherwise surprising transformation which comes over Socialists like Clemenceau and Briand when they attain power. They may remain in sympathy with their old views, but when faced in office by lawless outbreaks, or strikes that savor of anarchy, the whole tradition of the government as well as the demand of the sober citizenship leads them to exhaust, if necessary, all the resources of the nation to make head against the danger.

What the London *Times* calls "a necessary change in the British attitude towards the Persian question" is signalized by the presentation of a note at Teheran announcing the determination of the English government to assume the policing of the southern trade routes unless Persia restores their old security within three months. The cost of such policing, if it proves necessary, is to be met by a 10 per cent. surcharge upon the Persian Gulf customs, which are already heavily pledged to British interests. The hypothesis that lack of funds is responsible for the lack of order is only partly correct, as, "with or without funds, the Persian government seems wholly unable to maintain its control over its distant provinces. Even in Teheran itself its authority is constantly called in question, and rival politicians sway the situation from day to day." At the same time, the article is careful to state that the settled policy of the British government, "so far as is possible, to leave Persia to work out her own salvation," remains unaltered by the threat in the note. There is no dream of annexing territory in Persia. The sufficiently heavy burden of the Indian Empire is cited as evidence that "it is quite misleading to discern vast possibilities in a simple and provisional measure of police." All this sounds very much like an anticipation of criticism and objection, despite the presumption "that the note was presented with the cognizance of Russia." The affair has attracted much attention in Germany and France, and is causing misgivings in England. The Manchester *Guardian* remarks that "intervention would mean the virtual destruction of Persian independence which we solemnly promised in 1907 to uphold."

The prompt adoption by the advisory Assembly of China of a memorial to the throne for the early calling of a real Parliament, is not surprising. One way not to placate a people, or the intelligent section of a people, which has begun to demand some hold upon the reins of government, is to give it merely an opportunity to talk. That will only increase the desire for power to legislate. Western sympathy will go out to representative institutions for China; but there is force in the remark of the North China *Herald*, that "one strong personality with progressive ideas and breadth of vision at the head of things is required for her rehabilitation." This personality the *Herald* finds in Yuan Shih-kai, dismissed from office nearly two years ago at the inauguration of the policy of removing strong men from the path of the Prince Regent. If he returns to power, it is likely to be at the solicitation of the Government rather than as a result of intrigue, but the *Herald* hopes it will be only under conditions of absolute freedom from court and official hostility, and upon an offer of the Metropolitan Vice-Royalty, with a seat in the Grand Council. If, however, the report is true that the Prince Regent resists the demand for a Parliament with more than advisory power only because of the attitude of the Grand Councillors, there is a greater opportunity for strong men in the government than there was when he thought himself all-sufficient.

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ROOT ON ROOSEVELT.

It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt is not pleased with Senator Root's speech of last Friday. One can easily believe this. Mr. Roosevelt's mind is direct. He cannot readily wind himself into the sinuosities of special pleading, nor understand the Senator's argument that a tremendous blow delivered at Roosevelt in 1910 will make him inevitable and invincible in 1912. They do not reason that way at Oyster Bay. There they are prepared for Democratic victories in Ohio and New Jersey and Indiana, and have a notion that if they could point to New York as the one spared monument, Roosevelt could step forward modestly with the claim that he alone did it, and that he was the only one that could do it in 1912. It is stated, too, that the Colonel is not happy over Mr. Root's assertion that, if defeated this year, the Republicans "might go to Mr. Roosevelt, or they might go to one of the far more radical leaders who are now looming up on the political horizon in North and Middle West." The offence here is two-fold: it is implied that Mr. Roosevelt is very radical, which is injudicious at this moment and in this State; and it is also implied that he could be beaten by somebody more radical than himself, and that is both absurd and insulting.

As little does the Senator's effort to relieve the Colonel from the charge of disrespect for the courts appear to have gratified the friend he was trying to help. Mr. Root sought to pass the whole thing off as simply Mr. Roosevelt's way of "grumbling about decisions of the courts that he does not like," and of doing it "out loud and in public, according to his temperament and habits." This is too bad, and we fear that Mr. Root will soon find himself joined to Mr. Taft and the other former friends who have proved recreant and who can no longer be mentioned.

Of course, Senator Root went on to deny that Mr. Roosevelt contemplates an "attack" upon our judicial system, "or that it is in danger from him or any one else." The assertions to the contrary he declared to be "purely fanciful and devised for campaign purposes only." It may be for more than campaign purposes only that Mr. Root spoke in this way, though we should think it impossible for him, in touch with so many lawyers and judges as he is, to doubt the seriousness of their fear of Mr. Roosevelt. However that may be, if the Senator had been present at the dedication of Kent Hall at Columbia University on Saturday, he would have got some striking evidence on this point. President Butler made a direct reference to Mr. Root's speech of the night before, and said with great earnestness that he was much afraid that the Senator had "underestimated the persistency, the greatness of the malice and the cunning of those who would war against the courts." He added: "It is one thing to analyze and discuss the opinions of a great court; it is another thing to pour ridicule upon its membership and bring discredit upon its capacity and intelligence in the presence of the shouting mob." The audience instantly saw the point, and the hall, which was filled with eminent lawyers and judges—most of them Republicans, as is President Butler himself—rang with applause.

These men knew how vain it is to deny that Roosevelt is the chief issue in this State campaign. He has made himself such, and there is no escaping, so long as he refuses to undo what he has done. Herein lies the pathetic ineffectiveness of Senator Root's speech. It was a great lawyer's argument, full of subtleties and paradoxical reasoning, designed to prove by sheer dexterity what could be proved, if it were true, by producing the client himself. But that was not done. The Senator disclaimed authority to speak of Mr. Roosevelt's intentions for 1912. But that very fact left him very much in the attitude of a counsel who should plead with a jury not to convict a defendant against whom a vast amount of circumstantial evidence had been piled up, but whom he had refused to put in the witness-box to give his testimony and be cross-examined. Mr. Root must not complain if, these things being so, people are a little impatient at his refinements of inference about Mr. Roosevelt, and are anxious for that gentleman to take the stand in his own behalf.

Some despairing Republicans still hope, we know, that Mr. Roosevelt will yet definitely take himself out of the campaign. He can be made to understand, they say, how damaging to his party has been the injection of his personality, and how more and more impossible he is making the election of Stimson, and will patriotically declare that he has no further political ambitions and will never again be a candidate for office. But this is a hope rather than an expectation. Even if Mr. Roosevelt were to do such a thing at the eleventh hour, it would probably be too late to have much effect. That is one reason why Mr. Roosevelt will not now do it, and the other reason is that it would be too humiliating. He cannot be blind to the fact that he is driving thousands of steady-going Republicans, who never saw Wall Street, to vote for Dix—indeed, he rails at these "crooks" every day—but what Mr. Root calls his "temperament and habits" will always prevent him from doing anything which might look like a sacrifice of himself for the good of his party.

AN INSPIRING CAMPAIGNER.

No such display of ability in political speaking has been seen in this country for many years as Woodrow Wilson is showing in New Jersey. He is as direct and vigorous as even Gov. Hughes, while he has much more grace of manner and felicity of phrase. Those who knew him best have been astonished at the unfailing pungency of his speeches, together with their remarkable freshness in handling old topics, and their variety of approach and attack. To turn from the repetition of stale calumnies which has been the mark of the New York campaign, to the addresses of Woodrow Wilson, is to pass to intellectual stimulus and a gentlemanly and chivalrous bearing. It is more and more evident that, in bringing Mr. Wilson to the front, New Jersey happily pitched upon what Disraeli termed "that commodity called a man."

Scornful Jersey Republicans gave Mr. Wilson ten days to speak before "blowing up." He was to make a few academic discourses, and then have nothing more to say. But it is that opinion which has blown up. Wilson has gone on from strength to strength. His grasp on his subjects and his grip on his audiences have been surer from day to day. Always courteous, but always absolutely frank and direct, he has met every issue of the campaign with the utmost fairness. The other day he gave out his replies to a series of questions put to him by Mr. G. L. Record, a "New-Idea" Republican of Jersey City. We presume that the questions were fram-

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ed in the thought that they would prove embarrassing to Mr. Wilson, but he made of the difficulty a triumph. His answers would alone stamp him as a man of uncommon force and courage. Without a single quibble or once hedging, he went directly to the point in each instance; while the questions that were expected to be peculiarly awkward for him, he utilized for the expression of some of the soundest political doctrine that has been heard in many a day.

Nineteen questions were asked. To those to which a direct "yes," or a blunt "no," could be given, Mr. Wilson replied with those monosyllables. This is as delightful as it is unheard of in a public man. Without ifs or buts, or a glittering "as it may appear best," Mr. Wilson was as sharp and precise as a business man answering a correspondent. "Do you think that the Public Utilities Commission should have full power to fix just and reasonable rates?" "Yes." "Should United States Senators be elected by popular vote?" "Yes." "Does the Democratic platform declare for the choice of candidates for all elective offices by the direct vote system?" "I so understand it. If it does not, I do." "Will you call upon candidates for the Legislature to pledge themselves in writing in favor of the reforms you favor?" "I will not. That is the function of the voters."

These examples of Wilson's refreshing frankness are fine, but the finest remains. He was artfully questioned about certain Democratic bosses—Smith, Nugent, and Davis. The possible control of Wilson by these men has been bruited abroad by the Republicans, and is really their last despairing argument. But Wilson met the questions without the slightest suspicion of dodging, and couched his replies in plain and unmistakable words. The Democratic bosses, he said, "are not and cannot be in control of the government of the State if the present Democratic ticket is elected." Would he not consult with those men? Wilson's reply was that he should welcome advice and suggestions from any citizen, but he should not "submit to the dictation of any person or persons, special interest or organization." He added, in words that are in themselves half-battles: "I should deem myself forever disgraced should I in even the slightest degree coöperate in any such system or any such transactions as you describe in your characterization of the 'boss' system."

It is the simple truth to say that the New Jersey campaign has revealed, not only to that State, but to the whole country, a first-class political leader. Woodrow Wilson has again reminded us of our unsuspected and undeveloped resources of statesmanship. Of course, Mr. Wilson is no accident. What he is now giving out with such impressive power is the product of long and close thinking. He is not a university man suddenly taking to politics; he is, rather, a man of great political capacity who has happened to engage in university work. But his emergence into public life and the high level of character and the inspiring discussion which he has exhibited there are cause for congratulation, and for fresh courage, on the part of the entire nation.

CRIME AND THE LAW.

The contrast presented by the swift, decent, and orderly process of the English criminal law in the Crippen case, as compared with what we are accustomed to in similar trials in this country, has aroused general attention. Of unfavorable comment on the English procedure we doubt whether there has been a single word. Everywhere it has been recognized that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that the right of the accused to a fair trial was in any respect abridged. Nobody imagines that he is being "railroaded" to the scaffold. The speedy acquittal of Ethel Le Neve, charged with being his accomplice, only served to emphasize the moral of his prompt conviction. Even the motion for an appeal, which has now been made, tells the same kind of story. Appeals in criminal cases are a new feature in English jurisprudence; but, judging from the report concerning this one, there is no inclination there to make of them that clog upon the wheels of justice which they have so widely proved to be in this country. It is possible, say the dispatches, that the hearing of the appeal may cause a postponement of the date of the execution—which had been set for November 8, hardly three weeks from the day of the impanelling of the jury!

Now, the reason we all feel so impressed with the propriety and the soundness of this mode of dealing with a case like Crippen's is that it truly corresponds to the realities of the case. Everybody knows that all the real light that can be thrown upon such a question can be thrown upon it in a very limited time; that days spent in prolonging the trial would be spent not in making it more probable that the final result was in accordance with the truth, but only in affording exercise for legal ingenuity and in furnishing to the public a subject of morbid and demoralizing interest. Nor is that all. If there is anything at all in the deterrent efficacy of legal punishment, prompt and impressive disposal of criminal cases—in so far as it is compatible with the ascertainment of the truth—is of the essence of the matter. Of every hundred men who, reading of the Crippen case in England, had borne in upon them the solemn and terrible connection between crime and punishment, scarcely one would have been impressed in that way if the result had been merely the final outcome of a long-drawn-out trial of skill between prosecution and defence. It is upon the instinctive feelings of men, not upon a mere cold-blooded calculation of chances, that the impression must be made. A brutal murderer like Crippen sternly and decently disposed of in four days, a swindling promoter like Whitaker Wright swiftly tried and sentenced—these are the things that sink deep into men's minds, and erect in the hearts of the weak and vicious a barrier against their base or criminal impulses.

There is, indeed, nowadays, a more or less firmly held conviction in the minds of many who have devoted their lives to the cause of prison reform, that legal punishment is not a deterrent of crime at all. In the current issue of one of our high-class magazines, the sweeping statement is made that "students of criminology are unanimously agreed that punishment is not a deterrent." That this is a gross overstatement, we need hardly insist; of course, no such unqualified opinion is held "unanimously" by students of criminology. In the abstracts of the papers presented by very advanced criminologists at the recent International Prison Congress at Washington, the idea of deterrence as one of the objects of the penal law is admitted again and again. But what we assert is that, even in the case of those who deny it in form, the idea is admitted in fact, in a score of ways. In the parole system, in the working of "golden-rule" methods under

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Chief Kohler—in any of the hundred confrontations of humanitarian theory with the immediate demands of things as they are—the idea of punishment as a deterrent is constantly, though perhaps only tacitly, admitted.

As for the supposed inductive basis of the doctrine, it is astonishing how often the same—and a most inconclusive—argument is used in its support. "It is susceptible of very easy proof," says the magazine from which we have already quoted, "that in countries where and in days when penalties for crime are most severe and are most dramatically executed, then and there crimes most abound. When England, little more than a century ago, punished 125 crimes with death, English was a hundred times as criminal as it is to-day." That this argument, as a basis for the general doctrine that "punishment is not a deterrent," is soaked through with fallacy, is obvious. In the first place, it is one thing to prove that there is no efficacy in punishment so savage and undiscriminating as to lose all moral sanction and to brutalize the population familiarized with it; it is quite another to prove that a penal system tempered by humanity and guided by earnest study is likewise futile. And, secondly, there have taken place in England other changes besides those in the penal law—among them, not only general education and sanitation, but also effective policing everywhere, and abundant illumination of city streets, which a hundred years ago were pitch dark. Most grateful must we be for the work of those who have forced the world to recognize the possibilities of reformation and humane treatment; but neither must we lose sight of the fundamental truth which, in spite of all the abuses of the past or present, underlies the whole system of penal justice.

THE TEACHING OF GREEK.

The announcement that no prize was given this year at Yale for the best entrance examination in Greek because none of the papers came up to the required standard, might mean only that this is an off-year. But with the position of Greek fairly unstable of late in our educational system, every sign is scrutinized for its cumulative effect. An even more striking symptom was the recent recommendation of the highest advisory council at Oxford that Greek should be made optional in the work leading to the B.A. degree. Fortunately, a recommendation of this sort, before becoming effective, must be approved by a large percentage of Oxford graduates, who, we believe, are not ready to cleave asunder long-standing traditions.

Now, it is no secret that in this country the teachers of Greek have partly brought upon themselves the attacks which are proving so troublesome. There is a time to dance, there is a time to laugh, and there is a time to settle "hoti's business." But to give too much time to the last was clearly unwise. Yet grubbing for roots became so perpetual a process that it has taken years of hostile criticism to make any alteration. Not that the consideration of parts of speech is in itself an unworthy employment. Browning's Grammarian "was a man born with thy face and throat, lyric Apollo." That, no doubt, was a time when the discovery of roots meant the winning of new means to search a wonderful, forgotten world; knowledge of language was to bring knowledge of life and of "the glory that was Greece." Yet even to-day he who can look down the long vistas of word development, watching the color of meaning come and go and subtly change, may still feel many a thrill of wonder. The fault lies not in linguistic investigation itself, but in its usurpation of the whole field, and in the transfer of the so-called scientific methods of philology to the study of literature. When the study of literature is made a mere subsidiary to philology, it becomes by definition divorced from life, which is nothing of the sort. The excuse for such error in modern times is the less because of the melancholy examples furnished by the ancient grammarians of Greece. Those who have sought amid their futile work for the gems of lyric poetry, there embedded and and employed solely as instances of metrical or grammatical usage, might, it should seem, have learned their lessons. At least, they have learned it none too well; and many a student alert for stimulating ideas has been repelled and shocked to find the leading scholars of the country still wrestling with the enclitic *de*, when they are supposed to be teaching Plato or Sophocles. The elements of the language should obviously be taught in the secondary schools and matters of higher import in college.

Of late—very lately—there has been some improvement. And here is one instance, at any rate, where the elective system has largely availed. The great majority of undergraduates, if uncompelled, were not going to take Greek under the old conditions. Finally, the shrinkage in numbers, especially in the ranks of really interesting fellows, gave instructors serious pause, and reaction set in. To-day, you may hear professors, with the most severe previous records, talking jauntily about Pindar and Greek athletics. The release from the old bondage has begun; and however humorous at times is the change, for every chain broken there will be much gratitude and probably an increase of attending students. For it ought not to be difficult to interest men in this rich past. In the whole range of human expression Greek language and literature show great qualities which have been unsurpassed elsewhere—above all, infinite adaptability coupled with an unfailing freshness of approach. Some educators, we know, disgusted by features of modern systems, have believed the wisest preparation for present needs to be solely an immersion in the Greek life of the past. Extreme though this view may be, there is a modicum of truth in it.

In some colleges where reform has recently begun in teaching Greek, there has been an embarrassing scramble to import exceptional men. The fact is recognized that the ideal instructor of Greek should be acquainted with pretty much everything else. Such has been the influence of Greece and so numerous are the chances for stirring comparisons. Indeed, it has been found almost necessary to approach ancient times by the less remote, Greek tragedy by Shakespeare, for instance. If amid all its strangeness of expression and of stage device, "Œdipus" can be shown to contain much the same human problem as "Lear," a student will explore the older drama often with the real excitement of discovery. The Greek lyric, too, though expressed in its peculiar outward forms, becomes tremendously vital if seen to manipulate virtually all the themes which have occupied lyric poetry since. And to study Aristotle without observing the manner and times of his influence—the fusion of his ethics and logic all through the Middle Ages with the doctrines of the Christian Church; his theory of poetry and fine art accepted as the final author-

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ity at the early Renaissance, and his rules of tragedy converted into a tyranny in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—is to take but a small portion of him. And so with every type of Greek literature.

The ideal instructor in such an opulent literature as Greek is, of course, not to be found, for he should possess critical sensibilities of the finest sort and vast intelligence. But if the study of dead forms is replaced by that of ideas we make no doubt that Greek will hold its own even in elective systems. That Greek literature should be held by students too dull to risk is a serious commentary upon either students or instructors—possibly upon both.

PERPETUATING PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

The College of the City of New York is fortunate in having acquired the library of the late Prof. Simon Newcomb. It comes as the gift of an alumnus, who added care to his generosity by providing also a complete catalogue of the books, as well as the shelves to hold them. If it might seem, at first sight, that the City College is not the best possible repository for the highly technical works on mathematics and astronomy which Professor Newcomb collected in his lifetime, two considerations suggest themselves to counteract that feeling. In the first place, the volumes will be accessible not only to the students of the College but to all the specialists in the city who may desire to consult them. It is not at all as if they were placed in some remote library. And there is, moreover, a peculiar fitness in the preservation of Professor Newcomb's books in a broadly democratic institution of learning. For he was a typical democrat himself, in having struggled up to the highest eminence and world-wide fame from humble beginnings, not to speak of his warm sympathy with every forward movement in popular government. It is easy to believe that he would have been pleased at the thought of having his name and life-work perpetuated in the college of a great municipality, free to the children of all its citizens.

No memorial to a scholar or literary worker could be more congruous or significant than the keeping intact of the books with which he had labored and which he had come to love. They are far more than the tools of his trade. Even if they were merely that, they would have acquired personal associations which might well be valued; but there is something special and intimate in the relation which comes to be established between a great student or investigator or writer and his books. As one sees them kept together after he is gone, they seem to be almost a part of himself—certainly a part of his work. His gathering of them year by year; his constant use of them till deepening familiarity made him conscious of each cover and the part of the page on which favorite passages appear; possibly his annotations here and there, at any rate the certainty that he had pored over them and found in many of them the precious life-blood of a master spirit—all this is fitted to evoke a kind of reverence in the presence of such a private library preserved *en bloc*, and to make of it a singularly well-chosen form of commemorating names that we delight to honor.

From the practical side, it is true, difficulties often arise in adding extensive private collections of books to existing libraries. When it is not a case of great rarities, but merely of a working library, the trouble of duplications will arise. Funds for the purchase of books are not so abundant that library authorities may be careless of the fact that one-third or one-half of the volumes of a collection which it is proposed that they should acquire are already on their shelves, in one edition or another. Then there is always the vexed question of housing. Not every one is able to do what Mr. Gladstone did—build a St. Deniols to shelter his books and give both building and contents to the public. When private libraries come into the possession of public libraries, it is usually on such terms of bequest or gift that the volumes cannot be merged with the general stock, but must be kept in a section by themselves. This evidently has its inconveniences sometimes, from the side of space and library administration. Yet sacrifices on either score are well worth while when it is a question, not merely of adding books which have value in themselves, but of erecting a suitable memorial to some athletic scholar or great writer or profound genius, in the shape of his private library kept as a whole for all time. No Boston taxpayer, for example, would grudge the space given up by the Public Library to preserving the books of Prescott. Many of these, of course, are highly valuable in themselves, but there is a peculiar fitness in massing the whole of them in honor of one whose work was an honor to his city, and whose feeling for his own books was really a personal affection. It will not be forgotten that Prescott left directions that his body, before being taken away for burial, should be allowed to repose for a time among the books which had been his prized companions.

Nor should we forget the benefit to the living in thinking of the tribute to the dead. In gazing upon and handling the books of famous men, there may easily come quickening as well as veneration into the minds of young students. With the signs of labor and mastery thus visible before them, their own scholarly ambitions may be stimulated, and their resolves to do honest work made firmer. We do not say that numerous students of the City College will become distinguished astronomers or mathematicians by mere impulse gained from Professor Newcomb's books, but we do say that the very presence of his library, with freedom to use it, may serve to stir the intellectual life and make more intense the moral strivings of many a youth.

THE CENTENARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

BERLIN, October 14.

The University of Berlin, next to Bonn the youngest in Germany, is a living memorial of the patriotic idealism and untiring energy which placed Prussia in the lead of the German States, and which found classical expression in the words of Frederick William III in reply to the petition of the University of Halle to be transferred to Berlin: "Das ist recht, das ist brav! Der Staat muss durch geistige Kräfte ersetzen, was er an physischen verloren hat." Berlin was well prepared to become a university town. Since 1700 the Societät der Wissenschaften, organized by Leibnitz and reorganized as the Academie der Wissenschaften by Frederick the Great in 1744, had drawn scholars together in the Prussian capital. The residence of Voltaire at Sanssouci as literary mentor of Frederick the Great, and the king's interest in the advancement of enlightened learning, had lifted the standards of culture in Berlin. The romantic movement, with its wide interest in foreign literatures, philosophy, and art, had awakened a cosmopolitan

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spirit, and the lectures of Fichte and A. W. Schlegel had quickened the public interest and taste, making the Spree a literary centre rivalling the Pleisse and the Ilm. In the course of the four decades preceding the founding of the university, a number of scientific institutions had sprung up in Berlin.

Like the other great German universities, Berlin had a specific *raison d'être*. While Prague had been founded as the pioneer to bear the learning of Paris and Bologna to German lands, Heidelberg to lay the foundations of humanistic culture in the Rhineland, Leipzig as a refuge for the revolting professors and students of Prague, Wittenberg and the other Protestant universities to foster the humanistic culture of the Reformation, Göttingen as a centre of the new enlightenment of the early eighteenth century; Berlin was to be the academic centre of the patriotic spirit and scientific inquiry stimulated by Fichte's "Addresses to the German Nation," Schleiermacher's "Essays on Religion," and Alexander von Humboldt's scientific expeditions, and was to unite the scattered educational institutions of the city in a modern and more cosmopolitan university. With this new academic foundation began a new epoch in German national science and politics, which was to banish the old particularism and provincialism into the background of the German past. The plan of the university began to assume definite form as early as 1807 in the writings of Fichte, who gave special emphasis to philology and history; and of Schleiermacher ("Gelegentliche Gedanken über Universitäten"), who emphasized the importance of science. The actual organizer of the university was Wilhelm von Humboldt, the new Minister of Instruction, who in a notable essay ("Über die innere und äussere Organization der höheren wissenschaftlichen Anstalten in Berlin") gave expression to that memorable principle of public instruction which should be written over the portal of every university:—"That the State is always a hindrance as soon as it interferes with university affairs." This splendid plea for university liberty, both in learning and teaching, has brought forth golden fruit in the state education of Germany during the century just passed.

The jubilee commemorating the centennial of the university began October 10 at 6 P. M. in the Cathedral, with a sermon by Dr. Kaftan, dean of the Theological Faculty, from the text, "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit" (1 Cor. xii: 4), in which the preacher made a strong plea for the integrity of university instruction. This was followed by a supper to the delegates in the university building, and a torchlight procession in which some three thousand students, representing the several student societies, participated, affording a splendid spectacle as they marched down Unter den Linden and formed in front of the university, singing the stirring old song, "Gaudeamus Igitur." A delegation of five was sent to greet the rector, who made an address in reply.

On the following morning, October 11, at ten o'clock, the first public function took place in the new Aula, in that part of the old palace formerly occupied by the Royal Library. This was the most important of all the official functions. After the army and navy officers and the diplomatic corps had found their places in the centre of the Aula, the academic senate and faculties on the left and the foreign delegates on the right, the Emperor and his court, with the Crown Prince of Bavaria as the royal guest, entered and occupied the seats in front of the rostrum. The Rector, Prof. Dr. Erich Schmidt, the great Germanist, opened the ceremonies with an address of welcome, at the close of which his Majesty the Emperor ascended the rostrum and delivered a memorable address on the achievements of the university and the significance of academic research, making a strong appeal to the wealthy friends of the university for donations in the interest of science, and enforcing this appeal by the announcement of gifts already received for the founding of new institutes of research. These gifts aggregate some eight million marks ($2,000,000). This feature of the Imperial address was particularly interesting and familiar to the Americans present. The Rector responded, concluding his words of thanks with the famous words from "Götz von Berlichingen": "Es lebe die Freiheit" and "Es lebe der Kaiser!" The assembly joined in the salute by rising and singing: "Heil Dir in Siegerkranz." The new Minister of Public Instruction, Von Trott zu Solz, congratulated the university in the name of the state, and presented as the jubilee gift of the state the remodelled Frederician Library, with the new Aula, to the university for academic purposes, and emphasized the importance of the university as a foster-centre of patriotism. The Chief Burgomaster of Berlin then delivered an address of greeting on behalf of the Prussian capital, to which, as to the previous addresses, the Rector made a fitting reply.

There followed the addresses of the speakers of the several delegations in the order given below. Each delegation filed in after its speaker, presented an engrossed address from its university, bowed to the Emperor, and shook hands with the Rector, who announced the name of the place represented. The delegations passed in the following order: Prussia, the other states of the German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, the Romanic group, Great Britain and colonies, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian group, the Slavic group, Greece, the United States of America, Japan. After these university delegations came the technical universities, the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, the other academies and learned societies, the Gymnasia and other schools of Berlin. The function closed with the announcement of donations and addresses by the Pro-Rector, a closing address by the Rector, and "Gaudeamus Igitur" sung by the assembly.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the jubilee dinner (Festmahl) was served to six hundred guests in the Exposition Park. Among the many notable points in the addresses given at this dinner, a few may be mentioned. The speech of the Imperial Chancellor contrasted the gloomy days of Prussia in 1810 with the triumphant German nation of to-day. "He that strives in any field toward intellectual progress takes a political part in the greatness of the nation." The Minister of Public Instruction exhibited his familiarity with the history of the university by recalling the great names on the faculty roll, which stand out as landmarks in the history of research. After dinner the guests adjourned to the Royal Play-House to witness the performance of Mozart's opera, "Die Hochzeit des Figaro," which was given at the command of the Emperor, who sat in the royal box.

The second official function began at ten o'clock on the 12th of October in the new Aula. The programme included the historical address by Professor Lenz, and the conferring of honorary degrees. The most notable name among the honorary doctors was that of his Majesty the Emperor, who accepted the degree of Doctor of Laws. The recipients of honorary degrees were seventy in number, fifteen in the Theological Faculty, seventeen in the Law Faculty, thirteen in the Medical Faculty, and twenty-five in the Philosophical Faculty. Among this number were five Americans, two in the Law Faculty, one in the Medical Faculty, and two in the Philosophical Faculty.

In the afternoon the garden festival was held in the Exposition Park. An interesting feature of the programme was the historical floats, representing the life of the students and of the city of Berlin in 1810. Some ten thousand tickets were issued for this festival. In the evening the great Kommers was given in the halls of the Zoölogical Garden. Some eight thousand students, old and young, participated in the festivities, while several hundred spectators looked on from the gallery. Addresses were made by Cand. Phil. Deiters and Biller, and by Prof. Dr. Roethe, dean of the Philosophical Faculty.

The closing function of the jubilee, not printed on the official programme, was the dinner given by the Emperor in

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the White Hall of the Castle in Berlin to some two hundred guests, including representatives of various universities and academies. The Emperor and the Empress, with ten members and guests of the royal family, occupied the centre of the great rectangular table, while the two hundred guests were arranged on both sides. The Imperial Chancellor was seated opposite their majesties, with the Minister of Public Instruction on his right and the Rector of the University on his left. Thus closed the university's first century as it had begun a hundred years before, with a royal act, but this time with Prussia's king no longer trembling before the Corsican, but triumphing as the German Emperor, and still the generous patron of liberal learning.

As one reads the roll of the great names of Berlin professors, and considers the growth of the number of students from 256 in 1810 to 9,242 in 1910, and attempts to compass the manifold activities in the various institutes of the university, one must feel that the words of Clemens Brentano's Festkantate dedicated to the university have been amply fulfilled:

Der Ganzheit, Allheit, Einheit,
Der Allgemeinheit
Gelehrter Weisheit,
Des Wissens Freiheit
Gehört dies königliche Haus!
So leg' ich auch die goldenen Worte aus:
Universitati Litterariæ.

The jubilee also called forth a great mass of literature relating to the university. The two works issued under the auspices of the university are "Geschichte der Königlichen Friedrich-Wilhelms- Universität zu Berlin," by Max Lenz (in two volumes), and "Berlin in Wissenschaft und Kunst," by Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Paszkowski. These works, and a bronze medal struck off in honor of the jubilee, with an equestrian statue of Emperor William II, were presented to the delegates by the university authorities.

MARION DEXTER. LEARNED.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The most important collection of books from the press of Benjamin Franklin which has appeared in the auction room since the sale of the first part of Gov. Pennypacker's library will be offered in Philadelphia by Stan. V. Henkels on November 11 and 12. It forms a part of the library of the late William Fisher Lewis, which includes also a perfect copy of the "Aitkin" Bible (Philadelphia, 1781), the first Bible in the English language printed in America; Thomas's "Pennsylvania and West New Jersey" (1698); William Penn's "Some Account of the Province of Pennsilvania in America" (1681); "The Frame of the Government of the Province of Pennsylvania" (1682), and his "Letter to the Committee of the Free Society of Traders" (1683); two of the exceedingly rare Army Lists of Officers serving under Sir William Howe, 1777 and 1778, printed in New York by Macdonald and Cameron; a number of Revolutionary tracts, etc. Among the books printed by Franklin are three of the very rare "Treaties with the Indians of the Six Nations," being the Treaties held at Philadelphia in July, 1742, at Albany in October, 1745, and at Lancaster, in August, 1762. The last of these seems to have been unknown to Hildebrun, who records five others—Philadelphia, June, 1748; Philadelphia, November, 1747; Lancaster, July, 1748; and Carlisle, October, 1753—all printed by Franklin, besides two or three more printed by Andrew Bradford. These thin folio pamphlets must have been printed in a small number. Gov. Pennypacker did not have a single specimen. Bishop Hurst had two and one duplicate.

Several books printed by William Bradford are included in the Lewis collection; one, Daniel Leeds's "News of a Trumpet Sounding in the Wilderness" (New York, 1697), is of excessive rarity, no copy having appeared, apparently, in the auction room since Brinley's, which brought $185 in 1880. There is a copy in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, one in the E. D. Church collection, and two in the Lenox Library. One of the latter, evidently intended for the English market, is the identical book, except for the title, which begins "A Trumpet Sounded Out of the Wilderness of America," and has the date 1699 instead of 1697.

Another portion of the library of the late E. B. Holden, being his books relating to the Fine Arts, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. on November 9, afternoon and evening. Smith's "British Mezzotinto Portraits," 5 vols., and portfolio of plates; Beraldi's "Graveurs du XIXe Siècle," 12 vols., and other important reference books are included. Besides his art works there are several books containing specimens of early American engraving, a collection of almanacs and several rare eighteenth-century New York pamphlets.

On November 10 and 11, the Anderson Co. sells a large collection of books on natural history including Blanco's "Flora de Filipinas," 5 vols., with 477 colored plates; Johnson's "Ferns of Great Britain," 2 vols.; Pratt's "Flowering Plants of Great Britain," 6 vols.; Seebohm's "Monograph of the Turdidae or Family of Thrushes," 2 vols., folio, with 149 colored plates; R. Bowdler Sharpe's "Monograph of the Paradiseidae or Birds of Paradise," parts i-vi only, with 60 colored plates; and several hundred less notable though valuable works on birds, plants, shells, etc.

On November 7 and 9, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. will sell a collection containing Lincolniana; a long series of magazines containing articles by E. A. Poe, and books about him; books on the West, etc. On November 10 and 11 they offer a collection of miscellaneous books.

In Boston, on November 15, 16, and 17, C. F. Libbie & Co. will sell the libraries of the late Dr. William Everett of Quincy, Massachusetts, and of his father, the Honorable Edward Everett. The most notable book in the sale, and the most notable to appear in the auction room this season, is a perfect copy of the first edition of Eliot's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson, the New Testament being finished in 1661, the Old Testament in 1663. Except that, for some unknown reason, the diamond-shaped printer's ornament has been cut from the New Testament, the copy is fine and perfect. It has the Indian title-page and is one of the copies printed for the use of the Indians. Being a thick and heavy book and subject to hard usage by the Indian students, copies are almost always imperfect. No such copy as this has appeared in the auction room for many years. It is one of the most famous of American books and may be expected to bring a high price.

Among the other rare Americana in the Everett library are some of the standard State Histories such as Haywood's Tennessee, both series (1823); Marshall's Kentucky (1824); Martin's Louisiana (1827); Martin's North Carolina (1829); and Proud's Pennsylvania (1797-98). Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana," first edition (1702); John de Laet's "Novus Orbis" (1633); and Ramusio's "Navigatione et Viaggi" (1554-65) are important books of earlier date. Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 vols. (1840-44); Michaux and Nuttall's "North American Sylva" (1854), and Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology," 13 vols. (1808-33), are important natural history books, with colored plates.

Correspondence.

PRIZE POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I for one am weary of the charge that the students of our universities are unintellectual. If meant relatively it is unjust, for those who make it forget that many of our boys belong to a class which never until this generation has been so much as interested in higher education. If meant absolutely it is nonsense. Intellectual and æsthetic powers make less noise in the college world than physical ones, partly because they are less noisy. They exact more from the circle that admires them, and, consequently, that circle is small. But they are more frequent and more highly estimated in college than the superficial observer suspects. I know no better evidence of this than the series of Yale prize poems, which, by annual award, has this year reached the number of thirteen.

Since the competition was established in 1898 by Prof. Albert S. Cook, seven undergraduates and six graduate students, one of them a woman, have won the prize. On the committee of award have been such poets and critics as Gilder, Woodberry, Johnson, Perry, and More, with professors of English from many universities. As many as seventy manuscripts have been submitted in a single competition, and the winning poems have been regularly published in like format. Two have been five-act dramas, three have been collections of sonnets, one a romantic narrative, two dramatic dialogues, three dramatic lyrics, and two of them collections of lyrics grouped about central themes. Some of these are much above mediocrity, none below it. When assembled, they make up a volume of recent American verse so varied and so indicative of mind and imagination that a reviewer cannot regard them merely as poetical exercises, of value for youth; he must see in this series a vigorous attempt to express

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the poetry which lies in an American university.

As such, they deserve a reading which shall be as respectful and more sympathetic than would be given to an equivalent amount of professional verse, for it is our young men who should see the visions of which the next great poetry will be made. After such a reading, after a labor to reduce their dissimilarities of style and merit to a unity which might be called a Yale prize poem, I find sincere admiration and a vague disappointment as the two incongruous results.

The admiration is sincere. It would be difficult, I believe, to select as much verse from thirteen numbers of a standard magazine and find there more dignity than in these college productions. It would be still more difficult to bring together from such a source so much evidence of poetical labor nobly attempted and honestly done. In felicity of expression, in the manipulation of metre and of form, the comparison would be less favorable, but it is precisely in such matters of technique that we can afford to wait until a greater maturity than prize poetry permits of. If one may use "worthy" of poetry as one uses it of men, then in worthiness this verse takes rank with work of a much greater pretentiousness. The critic who seeks evidence of intellectual power among students will find it here. And yet to be really critical one must set one's ideal of college verse higher than a difficult intellectual task well done.

How much in these poems is there of the flame of poetry that should flicker or blaze in all youthful hearts? It is when we ask this question that vague disappointment creeps in. Such a disappointment is not new. It has often accompanied the reading of selected poems which some industrious reviewer has chosen from the books of the year. But with college verse, if no more natural, it is more poignant. For you know both throng and singer. You have felt, though dumb, what he must feel; crude and uninterpreted as were your own college days, you think that by a more expressive heart they might be interpreted. Out of those blind hopes, those painful uncertainties, those shocks, thrills, and ardors, passion, you believe, might find a way to expression, especially if gifted with clear verse such as these authors possess. But passion and these fruits of passion the prize poems most lack. I must speak with qualification, for what is wholly true of most is scarcely true of some; yet certainly I find, again and again, correctness, calm, or at most a timid romance, in place of the daring self-expression, the warm sensuousness, the impetuous liberty which were associated, in the last great poetic period, with youth.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is not *Sturm und Drang,* not emotionalism or sentimentality that I seek. Young men of our generation neither weep nor rave—even in private; why then should they do so in verse? But the peculiarly intense relations of youth with the world are no less vivid in the experience because, outwardly at least, we take them more calmly. In many respects we are more impressionable at twenty-one than were our great-grandfathers. Such things as beauty, heroism, the inspiration of great books, friendship, and love must move us, as them, strongly in the time of youth. And therefore in reading these poems one is more surprised that intensity is ever absent than impressed by an occasional passionate appeal. Has budding love so little color that a young poet can afford to write with coldness on other themes? Or, if the old fires have lost their heat, has the death-struggle of our faith little significance, for of it—except for an excellent sermon in verse—one hears only a few weak and wandering cries! Does the grip upon power mean little for a youth entering upon a world where there was never before so much to conquer? It is well enough to say, "I cannot compare with an old man" in skill, in poise, in restraint; but if youth writes poetry at all it should spring from passion. It should express his mind if he has one; it should at all costs speak for his burning heart.

Some will object that it is not a lack of passion which is at the root of the difficulty, so much as a powerlessness to give form to the intensities, which burn themselves away into the ashes of a correct but passionless verse. Is not this an unjustifiable inversion of the truth? Will not the poet, when worthily inspired, find out some way which, even through crudities, will let the fire be seen? Can any student of technique equal for an instant him who passionately desires to express? I am borne out in this by the evidence of the poems themselves. The technique is not worst, but best, where feeling is the strongest, and many a colder poem shows more skill than is needed to give some hint at least of a soaring imagination or a tumultuous heart.

And yet there is one technical difficulty which has impeded, though it could not prevent, the flow of emotion into this prize poetry. It is a difficulty, or better, a misfortune, which belongs to all contemporary poetry, but by the young poet is it most keenly felt. I mean the lack of a style for poetry of our period, the eclecticism in our choice of models which makes our poetic literature a sample book of all the ages. In turning over these prize poems one passes from Shakespeare to Stephen Phillips, from Sophocles to Browning, from the twentieth century to mediævalism. It is like walking down a new residence street in an American city, where architects have tried their hands at all the styles that have been and some that never will be—save that there is nothing so monstrous in this poetry as are half the houses in a city block.

One is willing to be *laudator temporis acti* after such a perusal; would almost welcome back the easy days of the eighteenth century, when a young poet could see his first steps marked out before him in the heroic couplet, and know what he first must learn. I am not proposing that future prize poets should write in couplets, nor do I dare to name a style for the twentieth century upon which they should form their work, although I am sure that if there were one we should have better poetry from our young poets. And yet the very medley of these poems suggests that, in default of a modern style, any tried and proven mode of expression is an aid and a relief. And, indeed, the very best of these Yale poems are unquestionably those which are written in a style and often with a model that one can name. They are imitative; the author treads where greater men have trod; but this has kept his feet more sure, has freed his faculties for self-expression. For an apparent loss of originality there has been a real gain in freedom and in power. If he has chosen to write, like one poet of this series, in a measure used by Hood of a story such as Poe used, he has known his medium from the start, and, like the Greek sculptor, has been able to add his own individuality to the type. If I were writing of rhetorical exercises instead of prize poems, I should say that this imitation of a well-defined style was the only way to begin. As it is, in spite of the dangers of slavishness and heterogeneity, it is the best and safest way, and may result in all but the most original poetry. Tennyson, and many another great name, is warrant for asserting that it may lead even to that. Yet those who adopt it should follow their leaders consciously, and not, as often in this series and out of it, half unawares. It will not do to catch at the form and miss the spirit, or seize upon the subject-matter and fail to master the form. To imitate the mannerisms of a great poet, and to write in his style, are two different things; it is the latter, naturally, that I advocate.

A sincere attempt to choose and learn a style would prevent some lamentable encounters with literary forms too difficult for the writer. The drama, for instance: no half-hearted imitation of the Elizabethans will make narrative dramatic. A deeper consideration of the masters of the five-act form, or of the nature of a romantic story, would, perhaps, have been profitable for two authors in this series; might have led them to believe that one thing at a time is enough, especially when dramaturgy is one and poetry the other. Or the sonnet—the sonnet in a sense is a style; perhaps that is one cause of its irresistible fascination for young poets. But its difficulty need not be reëmphasized here. Only one of the three groups of sonnets among the prize poems is really successful, and there it is a passionate reverence for the strong figures of the Odyssey which beats the verse into form.

Perhaps the most thoroughly poetical of the Yale poems is a fiery dramatic lyric of Ixion, lover of Juno, bound to his wheel, and turning eternally in endless pain. There is no difficulty in naming the style of this poem, for it is written in that modification of Keats and Tennyson which Stephen Phillips made popular in the nineties, and will bear comparison with the original. But here there is a new element of success. "Ixion" suggests our own imagination and our own time in a fashion not common in this poetry. It makes one wonder whether contemporaneousness for our college writers is not a possible alternative to the choice of a classic style. The author of "Ixion" owes some of his success to his imitation of a practised poet, and to the comparative freshness of that poet's style; and yet a further reading of the prize poems strengthens the conclusion that if he had relied upon contemporaneousness alone he would still have gone far. For instance, there is one poem which is excelled only by the best of those imitative in style, a poem on a mediæval theme, yet thoroughly modern in its feeling for the mystical charms of faith. "Passio XL Martyrum" is the title. A dramatized martyrdom of a Roman centurion and the thirty-nine Christians he renounces all to join, it has the studied simplicity, the some-

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what too mediæval *naïveté*, the throbbing undercurrent of significance which Maeterlinck and Hauptmann, for example, have taught us to expect in such a tale. It lacks glory of language, in fact it can scarcely be said to have a style, and so far fails perhaps of complete effectiveness, but it grips the imagination nevertheless, and partly, I am sure, because it touches an imagination which is specifically of our day. If I am right, any poetical effort which sprang from a feeling for our problems, our loves, our aspirations, and our hates would have the same effect. The task is difficult, for it is hard to find the poetry at the heart of this generation, and it is still harder to extract it from the brief and artificial period embraced in the few years of college life. But one feels, nevertheless, that if our college poets can be contemporary, which does not mean, of course, to write of football and Young Men's Christian Association work; if they can be expressive of the subtle emotions which are moving their own or the greater world, they may succeed greatly in spite of the unhappy lack of a modern style.

Nothing is more dangerous than to generalize upon the virtues and defects of thirteen poems and groups of poems written in as many years, and by authors who had in common only the environment of university life. The delicacy and the difficulty of the task may excuse the lack of more specific criticism in this review. And yet the conclusions I have outlined above do seem to rise inevitably to the surface of this eddy in Hippocrene. One feels convinced, to repeat, that young poets are most effective when they choose a style with as much sincerity as good architects must use. Or, if they wish to be free from the shackles of precedent, if they wish to strike out boldly for themselves, that they are most sure of success when they link themselves determinedly with the world that is their own, our own, and no earlier age's. By such means their hearts and our own may be unlocked, the pulse of the young men felt beating.

And yet, though these aids to inspiration seem to have been truly helpful in the case of these Yale poems, should we not, even in proposing them, ask first for more frankness and for more passion from the college poet? Surely until there is passion flinging from the heart it is scarcely time to give counsel as to subject or form. There *is* such passion in Americans, though, save for Whitman, we have been so ignorant of ourselves, or so heavy of speech, that it has seldom found vent. Much of this fire of our life burns in our universities. It spurts with jets of passing flame in many quaint and many excellent fashions—at the games, in friendship, in loyalty to the college which gave us our social and intellectual birth. But the American in college is shy in the presence of his emotions and reticent beyond the reticence of a none too expressive world outside. All forms of sentiment but the athletic he distrusts, and hides æsthetic speculation with his prayers and his mother's picture in his inmost chamber. He reads far more poetry than he confesses; he thinks far more, but seldom dares declare it his own. It is for the poet to give this frozen world relief. It is for the poet to speak out with passion if there is fire at the heart of our colleges. He may blunder, but if his need to speak is strong the proper means of expression will be grasped by him more readily than by another. I for one would be sure of finding, sooner or later, sufficient technique, if we could count upon intensity in the writers of our prize poems.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Yale University, October 26.

PRONOUNCING SPANISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent (the *Nation*, October 20) regrets that misinformed travellers speak slightingly of the language used in Spanish America; as if it were on a level with pidgin English, whereas, he says, it is good Castilian, and he refers to authorities. Inasmuch as Spanish-America has produced writers who have commanded the respectful attention of Spain's literary circles, he is correct, but the emphasis should not be on Castilian. Even uneducated Spanish-Americans speak their language with far more grammatical correctness than Americans speak English after several years in school, but the Castilian pronunciation is not used, just as it is not used in Andalusia, whence so many emigrated to the New World.

"Castilian" is not a language, but a particular way of pronouncing a language. Thus, in Spanish, pica type is called *cicero;* the Castilian pronounces it *thithero,* while the Andalusian and the Spanish-American pronounce it *sisero.* The most marked difference is in the sound given to soft c and to z. The Andalusians did not bring along and perpetuate the pronunciation used in their province by the ignorant, which consists chiefly of dropping the final s or substituting for it the guttural j. As some Americans affect "English" English, and succeed quite well if they speak slowly, and repeat the word now and then, so sometimes an Andalusian or a Spanish-American may mouth after the Castilian fashion and succeed quite well, provided he does not become excited. He may write *cizaña* and say *thithaña;* but if his temper rises, whatever he may write, he will drop the mushy Castilian and say *sisaña.*

HENRY J. SWIFT, S.J.

New York, October 26.

UNIVERSITY ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In these latter days of university advertising, when rumors are abroad that a Western institution is about to employ even the moving picture machine to flash its alluring university "life" before the wondering gaze of the prospective freshman, it may be of interest to your readers to see the very first recorded attempt to advertise a university.

In the spring of the year 1229 a very serious town and gown riot in Paris occasioned a temporary break-up of the great French university. Masters and students left Paris and dispersed to other old seats of learning, or established new ones. Many came to Toulouse in southern France and laid the foundation of a new university, which soon was recognized and privileged by the Pope. Towards the end of the year 1229, the masters of Toulouse sent out the following circular letter to advertise the newly founded institution. A copy of the original Latin letter was found appended to the fifth book of the "De triumphis ecclesiæ libri octo" of John of Garland, an Englishman, who was a professor of grammar, and had come from Paris to Toulouse in 1229. In all probability John of Garland was the author of the letter. This supposition is strengthened by the numerous classical allusions in the letter. By 1229 interest in the classics had almost died out at universities, but this very John of Garland stands out as virtually the sole humanist among university professors of his age.

The following is a translation of the circular letter, with some minor omissions:

To all the faithful in Christ, and especially to the masters and students wheresoever they may be studying, who see this letter, the whole body of masters and students of the University of Toulouse, which is just being established, wish a long life of happiness and a blessed death.

No undertaking has a solid foundation which is not established firmly in Christ, the foundation of Holy Mother Church. With this in mind, we have made the greatest effort to lay, in Christ, the durable foundation of a philosophic university at Toulouse, upon which, along with us, let others build, and may their good intention to do so be illuminated by the shining rays of the Holy Spirit. . . .

In order that the difficulty of beginning such work may not deter you, we have prepared the way, we have done the first irksome tasks, we unfurl before you the banner of security, so that with us preceding as your armorbearers, you, as soldiers of philosophy, may be strong to fight more securely by means of the art of Mercury, the shafts of Phœbus, the lance of Minerva. Moreover, that you may have confidence in the stability of the new institution, we have taken up this work with the authority of the church. For our Moses, the lord cardinal legate in the kingdom of France, next to God and the lord Pope, our leader and protector and founder, was so eager to get things started that he decreed that all studying at Toulouse, both masters and students, should obtain full pardon for all their sins. Therefore, on this account, and because of the regularity of lectures and disputations which the masters engage in more diligently and more frequently than they did at Paris, many students pour into Toulouse, seeing that the flowers have already appeared in our land and the time for pruning of trees is at hand. Hence, let no Deidamia delay our modern Achilles, champion of philosophy, from going up to another Troy, of which some modern Statius of Toulouse again might say:

Omnis honos illic, illic ingentia certant
Nomina; vix timidæ matres aut agmina cessant
Virginea; hic multum steriles damnatus in annos
Invisusque Deo, si quem hæc nova gloria segnem
Præterit.

Therefore, let each worthy individual assume the part of bold Achilles, lest the timid Thersites obtain the laurel promised to the noble Ajax, so that, now that the war is over, he may at least admire this school of soldiers and this school of philosophers. In order that students may better appreciate the splendor of Toulouse even apart from its university, they should know that this is a second land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, where the abundant pastures are green, where groves of fruit trees are in leaf, where Bacchus reigns in the vineyards, where Ceres is supreme in the fields, where the agreeable climate was preferred by ancient philosophers to that of all the lands of the earth. . . .

In order that you may not bring your mattocks to unfruitful and uncultivated fields, the masters teaching at Toulouse have removed the thistles of rustic ignorance, the thorns of rough unfruitfulness, and other obstacles. For here theologians from their pulpits instruct the students, and on the crossroads they preach to the common people; logicians in the liberal

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arts teach the beginners in Aristotle; grammarians fashion the tongues of the stammering children to the analogies of language; organists soothe the ears of the populace with the honey-throated organ; teachers of law praise the Justinian code, while near by the teachers of medicine vaunt Galen. Here the books on natural history, which have been prohibited at Paris, may be heard by all who wish to investigate thoroughly the innermost recesses of nature. What, therefore, will you lack? Scholastic liberty? By no means; for you will enjoy your own liberty subject to the control of no one. Perhaps you fear the hostility of a violent people or the tyranny of an unjust lord? Have no fear, for the liberality of the count of Toulouse has given us adequate security, both concerning our salary and our servants going to or from Toulouse. If, however, they should suffer loss of goods at the hands of robbers in the dominion of the count, he will pursue the criminals to our satisfaction, by means of the civic police, just as he does for citizens of Toulouse. . . .

We *must not fail to dwell upon the* urbanity of the citizens of Toulouse. It even seems as if urban wit had here made a compact with the soldiery, as well as with the clergy. Therefore, if you should wish to marvel at even more good things than we have foretold, leave the paternal roof, sling your wallets on your backs, so that you may learn the meaning of this moral of Seneca: "I shall regard all lands as mine, and mine as belonging to all, because I shall live as though I realized that I was known of all men; for it is noble in man to attempt lofty things, and to plan even greater things."

Our boldest modern institutions might learn a lesson from this mediæval master of advertising.

LOUIS J. PAETOW.

Urbana, Ill., October 20.

"BACK OF."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the "Minutes of the Commissioners for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies in the State of New York," recently published at Albany, I find this sentence in an entry dated November 9, 1780:

Col. Anthony Van Bergen appeared before the board and informed us that a number of disaffected persons have of late associated back of Cooksakie.

"At the back of" is standard English, but "back of," for "behind," I have always regarded as a comparatively modern Americanism. Does any one know how early it came into usage?

C. M. ANDREWS.

New Haven, Conn., October 27.

Literature.

PEARY'S GREAT ADVENTURE.

The North Pole: Its Discovery in 1909, under the Auspices of the Peary Arctic Club. By Robert E. Peary. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, and a Foreword by Gilbert H. Grosvenor, Director and Editor, National Geographic Society; with numerous illustrations, including eight full-page reproductions of photographic enlargements colored by hand. New York: The Frederick H. Stokes Co. $5 net.

It would be hard to give a satisfactory rational explanation of the interest which mankind has taken in the search for the North Pole. The time was when polar exploration gained something from the accessory idea of a "northwest passage," practicable for commerce; but that idea had its life finally chilled away, and polar exploration went on. No appeal to human greed, no likelihood of rich prizes to tempt the lust for gold and land, lies behind the sacrifice of time and energy and comfort and life which at last reached its goal in the voyage described in the volume before us. And how easily one might belittle it all, if so disposed. A United States flag sticking in a mound of snow, gradually to be whipped to pieces by the chill winds, and by it a bottle containing, over the discoverer's signature, these words:

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America. I leave this record and the United States flag in possession.

Passing beyond the point determined to be the Pole and then back again, the discoverer reflects that he is treading a trail "which none had ever seen before or would ever see again." Though various phenomena indicate the presence of a large body of land, or at least shoals, somewhere in the yet untraversed Arctic wastes, yet the soundings nearest the pole have shown deep water, and it seems established that the "polar pack" of ice on which our record of discovery and possession stands is itself not stationary in position. Clearly, the only material gain in sight from "our new possessions" (the Philippines are, of course, dislodged from that title) consists in the millions which we shall save from the impossibility of their fortification.

And yet if it were only as a demonstration of human persistence in the search for knowledge, only as a display of the hold which an *idea*, with no promise of material gain, can maintain upon the human imagination, from century to century, the adventure would be worth the cost. That there is something more than this, something of positive scientific value to be deduced from the observations of Peary and his assistants, we may, of course, take for granted, though sufficient time for the careful analysis and evaluation of such material has not as yet elapsed. In the present volume we have simply the story of the voyage related for the general reader, and it is a story of intense interest, effectively told. "I knew it was my last game upon the great Arctic chess-board," says the author in his opening chapter. He was fifty-three years of age, a point beyond which no one, perhaps, with the exception of Sir John Franklin, has ever attempted the rigors of Arctic exploration. It was success now, or final defeat in the effort to which nearly a quarter-century of his strong manhood had been devoted. Each succeeding failure had been carefully studied for its record of avoidable mistakes, until he felt that all that human foresight and intelligence could contribute to success in this closing venture had been done. But there was one untoward possibility not capable of elimination. Again, as in the trial of 1905-1906, a season of violent and continued winds might disrupt the polar pack and leave him separated from his supporting parties, to face the alternative of retreat or starvation. As it turned out, the forces of nature withheld their dreaded veto, and human skill and persistence, schooled by the well-studied lessons of previous failure, at last won the day. After reading the whole story one cannot fail to realize how exceedingly slim is the possibility that any mere Arctic adventurer, devoid of scientific training and of scant experience in such work, with no trained assistants and no carefully detailed preparations, should by any lucky combination of circumstances beyond his own control ever attain to the goal which it took Peary such long years of well-directed effort to reach. "Fortitude and endurance alone," says Peary, "are not enough in themselves to carry a man to the North Pole. Only with years of experience in travelling in those regions, only with the aid of a large party, also experienced in that character of work, only with the knowledge of Arctic detail and the equipment necessary to prepare himself and his party for any and every emergency, is it possible for a man to reach that long-sought goal and return."

Of course, the fact of a successful outcome does not make the record of sledging experiences, crossing fresh leads, battling with pressure ridges, building igloos, killing weak dogs to feed to their more fortunate survivors, etc., essentially different from that of previous expeditions. It merely gives an added zest to the reader, which no amount of quotation could carry through the medium of a brief review. We have already said that the story as such is effectively told, and it is hardly necessary to say more on that point. An interesting side discussion deals with the question how nearly the location of the Pole can be determined. The character of the instruments, the personal accuracy of the observer, and the number of observations taken, are all involved. All thought of a mathematically exact determination Peary demolishes in one brief sentence: "If there were land at the Pole, and powerful instruments of great precision, such as are used in the world's great observatories, were mounted there on suitable foundations and

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used by practised observers for repeated observations extending over years, then it would be possible to determine the position of the Pole with great precision." An ordinary single observation at sea, we are told, with sextant and natural horizon, as taken by ship masters, is assumed to give the observer's position within about a mile. But that is within the latitude of ordinary navigation. The special difficulties of observation in high latitudes, due to the extreme cold, are usually overestimated, Peary thinks. The difficulties to the observer himself he does not regard as great if the weather is calm and the temperature not exceeding 40 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Yet he admits that there is room for discussion and decided difference of opinion as to the amount and character of error which may creep into such observations from the effect of the cold upon the instrument. As for the observer, the great difficulty is with the eyes, subjected as they have necessarily been to days and weeks of unremitting daylight, much of it brilliant sunlight upon ice and snow, and strained by the task of continually setting the course with the compass. After all this, "the taking of a series of observations is usually a nightmare; and the strain of focussing, of getting precise contact of the sun's images, and of reading the vernier, all in the blinding light of which only those who have taken observations in bright sunlight on an unbroken snow expanse in the Arctic regions can form any conception,, usually leaves the eyes bloodshot and smarting for hours afterward." He readily admits that during a series of observations under such conditions the eyes become "extremely tired, and at times uncertain," but he is personally inclined to think that an allowance of five miles for error due to all these causes is equitable. With that in mind, he crossed and recrossed, in various directions, the area within a five-mile radius of the spot which his observations indicated as the Pole, and set his face toward home again convinced that "no one except the most ignorant will have any doubt but what, at some time, I had passed close to the precise point, and had, perhaps, actually passed over it."

The author has subjected himself to a wise restraint as to the episode which set the civilized world by the ears a little more than a year ago. It is not difficult to pick out passages here and there which might have been expressed differently, or left out altogether, if the claims of Dr. Cook had never been put forth; but his name is mentioned only once or twice, and then in no controversial relation. If so many thousands of intelligent people all over the world had not lost their heads to some extent during those weeks, one might find it in his heart to censure the successful explorer because he did not show the calmness of temper to which his knowledge of the facts entitled him, and which would have insured to him a far richer harvest of the possible fruits of his victory than it has been his lot to reap. As it is, the attitude of every right thinking man must be one of thankfulness to Peary that he has kept his pages free from any revival of the controversy and of ardent desire that the unhappy fiasco may pass out of the public consciousness as soon as possible.

The introduction, by Theodore Roosevelt, is merely a personal tribute to Commander Peary, embodying an inferential denial of the possibility that the claim of another to the discovery could be true. That this is only inferential, and not a tremendous thwacking with the linguistic club, proves the possibility of wise self-restraint even in quarters where it is not usually manifested. The "foreword," by Dr. Grosvenor of the National Geographic Society, is a brief sketch of polar exploration, from the time of Henry VIII of England to Peary's successful voyage. He pays to Peary a high compliment for unusually good care of his men, as shown by the fact that of the hundreds whom he has taken into the perils of the Arctic ice, he has brought back safe and sound all but two, and the lives of these two were lost in accidents for which the commander was in no way responsible. Of the several appendices, the most important is by R. A. Harris of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and deals chiefly with the soundings and tidal observations of Peary and others as bearing upon the probability of the existence of a large tract of still undiscovered land, somewhere in the Arctic basin. The conclusion is:

> Taking various facts into consideration it would seem that an obstruction (land, islands, or shoals) containing nearly half a million square statute miles probably exists. That one corner lies north of Bennett Island; another, north of Point Barrow; another, near Banks Land and Prince Patrick Island; and another, at or near Crocker Land.

In its material makeup the book is worthy of its place as the record of the triumph of polar research. The subject has in it the possibility of only one successful competitor of Commander Peary's volume. That prize will fall to the man who can write an adequate history of the "North Pole Idea" in the human imagination.

CURRENT FICTION.

Whirligigs. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The knowledge that O. Henry has told his last story, and shaken the ashes from his pipe, and gone home to rest makes one linger over this book with a distinct sense of regret. A definite and positive personality has withdrawn from the little circle of those who break up the tedium of contemporary fiction. He sometimes raised a doubt as to the quality of the pleasure he imparted, but he always made an incisive attack upon the attention—there was a magnetic masculinity in him. His irreverence for linguistic purity we may deplore, but should not censure apart from its purpose; like the stylistic insolence of the later cantos of "Don Juan," it is an indispensable means to a proposed end. It was a part of his relish that he combined brilliant technical skill with a business man's contempt for the girlish graces and solemn gravities and decorums of art. "Get your effect," was his maxim, "and with God—or the critics—be the rest." Why pour out ink like water to suggest a summer evening in the country when you can accomplish your object with "katydids and moonlight and long drinks and things out on the front porch"? His effort to attain a speech both rich and curt may be fairly related to his master characteristic: he seems to have combined an omnivorous appetite for the colors and forms and sensual surfaces of the actors with an experienced and fundamental contempt for the show.

"Whirligigs" is half-derisive journalese for what the tragic novelist of Wessex would call life's little ironies—men and their affairs are here presented as serio-comic playthings gyrating unaccountably in the winds of chance. That the unexpected always happens is the essence of the plot, because it is the essence of that informal philosophy of "the people" which underlies the author's work, and gives a point and value even to his most trivial illustrations. Most of the twenty-four stories in this collection, many of indifferent merit, turn on the unforeseen influences of propinquity and environment, and on the tricky perversities of human nature. A man and a woman in an island exile, believing themselves murderers, are drawn by a curious sympathy to the brink of marriage; suddenly discovering themselves technically guiltless, they flee from each other as with the wings of a dove. Don Señor Johnny Armstrong, gold-hunter, rescues an opera singer from the Indians high in the Andes; near the snow line he sees himself and the woman invested with spiritual qualities answering to the grandeur of mountain heights; after a descent of three days they commune agreeably, but at the moral level of the foot-hills; at the sea level she is singing "coon-songs" and he is playing billiards. A Cumberland mountaineer and his old wife spend their last five-dollar bill to procure a divorce; as soon as it is granted they experience a change of heart; the divorced husband in disguise robs the justice-of-peace of the sundering bill and later restores it to him as a fee for tying the knot again. This,

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the most complete whirligig, is a little masterpiece: perfectly symmetrical, intensely poignant and vital, incredibly brief.

The Other Side: Being Certain Passages in the Life of a Genius. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is not Mr. Vachell's first study of the "artistic temperament," but it is decidedly his best. In one respect it differs strikingly from all other studies of the kind with which we are acquainted. Its action, physical or spiritual, turns in no wise upon the "other woman" consideration. David Archdale goes the way of most of the world by marrying a girl who is much too good for him, so far as moral stability is concerned; but her rival with him is the world, and not at all the flesh or the devil. His genius is for music. He has been trained in an austere school by his adopted father, organist in a provincial Abbey. He becomes a man and a married man without having been diverted, or even strongly tempted, from his serious ambition to compose an oratorio. The great work is begun, but its progress is arrested by the discovery that it is unlikely to find a publisher or producer. On the other hand, the greatest music-publisher in England discovers in Archdale a facile talent for melody which promises a golden harvest. He becomes a famous composer of popular songs and musical comedies. He despises this work, and intends to make it a mere stepping stone to independence and the opportunity to work as he pleases. But the city life and the cheap success get hold of him, so that when the time of his revolt comes, he is no longer able to compose in the lofty strain. His mind is full of the melodious tinklings which have brought him fame of a sort. His wife dies, virtually a sacrifice upon the altar of his worldliness.

From this point the story strikes deeper. The married pair have agreed that whichever dies first shall return, if possible, to the survivor. Archdale waits in vain for some sign from "the other side." Years pass: his popular success and his worldly habits increase upon him. His only daughter grows up petted and neglected by him. Then he is smashed up in a motor accident, picked up for dead by two French peasants, and pronounced dead by medical authority. Thereupon follows his experience of "the other side." He finds himself confined to a sort of limbo, unable to find the spirit of his dead wife, or to leave the region of earth. At last his human pride is broken, and the voice of his wife sends him back to earth to fulfil his mission. On his return to consciousness, a return regarded as miraculous, he mistakes that mission. Peace comes to him only when he finally recognizes it as a matter of simple human duty, and not of more or less selfish ambition. Fiction has made repeated attempts of late to deal with the adventures of the soul immediately after the death of the body. Most of them have seemed fantastic or even whimsical. Mr. Vachell's interpretation is impressive in its simplicity and dignity.

Cumner's Son. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Upon the evidence of these tales, the rill of Sir Gilbert Parker's talent would seem to have become a slender trickle indeed. "Magazinable" they all are, no doubt, but what one of them can honestly be judged more than that? There is little fire or spontaneity in them: they appear to have been turned out by a capable workman, and that is all. Their sole element of freshness consists in a shifting of scene to more distant portions of that empire whose glories Sir Gilbert, like his great original, Kipling, so loves to celebrate. The Union Jack here sheds its blessing upon the southern seas: these tales have to do with the triumphs in love, war, and administration of imperial Britain at one of the farther bournes to which her energetic sons resort. Though the native is not invariably disposed of in these tales as a nigger in the most invidious sense of the word, he is seen to be really admirable only in the display of a dog-like devotion to his English betters. Even that display is not always what it seems, as is ironically shown in the story of the native police officer who protects a Jew from a howling mob of outraged Moslems, not out of fidelity to English authority, but because the Jew owes him the price of a donkey, and cannot be permitted to slip out of life without paying up. The other note is struck in "An Epic in Yellow," the tale of a faithful Chinaman, whose supreme reward for his devotion to an English master is somewhat quaintly rendered in the form of a Union Jack for a shroud. But in "The High Court of Budgery-Gar" lynch law is frankly invoked as the last resource of Anglo-Saxon against nigger. Most of the tales are of "storiette" brevity; but the title-story attains the proportions of a "novelette." Odd sizes seem the fashion just now. Cumner is the British Governor at "Mandakan," and his son is destined by way of various daring and romantic adventures to become "Dakoon," or supreme ruler, of that tropical realm. He may be commended to admirers of that blond and blue-eyed hero upon whose exploits the sun is never permitted to go down.

The Paternoster Ruby. By C. E. Walk. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is a little disheartening at the end of this detective story to find our suspicions of the ruby confirmed. It really was stolen from an Eastern temple, and the usual sly Orientals—all Orientals are born with detective powers that put Sherlock Holmes to the blush, and a memory that holds a thousand years as yesterday—are on its track. The real protagonists in the contest, however, are two giant wheat speculators of Chicago, one of whom, a lover of rare gems, stole away the other's sweetheart in the old days and has ever since been the victim of the other's relentless vengeance. The detective is this time a central officer—neither a wizard nor an ass, as central officers commonly are in fiction, but a man who blunders and succeeds like ordinary mortals. He falls in love, unfortunately—when will writers learn that the so-called "love interest" is almost necessarily out of place in detective fiction? For the rest the story starts well and maintains its legitimate interest well to the end. The surprise in the dénouement is justified and the game with the reader played fairly—except for the Orientals who, however, are kept in the background.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

Three Philosophical Poets: Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe. By George Santayana. Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, Vol. I. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.

A few words from Professor Santayana's "Conclusion" will show the ideas for which the three poets stand in his philosophical criticism, and the relative value he ascribes to them:

> Goethe is the poet of life; Lucretius the poet of nature; Dante the poet of salvation. Goethe gives us what is fundamental—the turbid flux of sense, the cry of the heart, the first tentative notions of art and science, which magic or shrewdness might hit upon. Lucretius carries us one step farther. Our wisdom ceases to be impressionistic and casual. It rests on understanding of things, so that what happiness remains to us does not deceive us, and we possess it in dignity and peace. Knowledge of what is possible is the beginning of happiness. Dante, however, carries us much farther than that. He, too, has knowledge of what is possible and impossible. He has collected the precepts of old philosophers and saints, and the more recent examples patent in society around him, and by their help has distinguished the ambitions that may be wisely indulged in this life from those which it is madness to foster—the first being called virtue and piety and the second folly and sin.

There is a stream of subtle reflection in the three chapters in which he discusses the source and meaning of Lucretius's naturalism, of Dante's idealism, and Goethe's romanticism. To one reader at least he is most successful in his treatment of Goethe, both in his appreciation of the wealth of beauty and experience in "Faust" and in his clear recognition of the final lack of "steady purpose or standard" which makes the

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poem almost fatuous (the critic himself uses this harsh word) at the end. One suspects that Professor Santayana is perhaps keenest in his analysis of "Faust," because, beneath his classical sense of form, his own philosophy is an effort, not wholly successful, to escape from the romantic illusion. He is least successful in his treatment of Lucretius, seeming, to us at least, to fail in his attempted reconciliation of the poet's apostrophe to Venus with the Epicurean philosophy of atoms, and to fail also, though in less degree, in his interpretation of what Lucretius has meant to mankind and may still mean.

At bottom the comparative failure of the chapters on Lucretius and Dante—comparative only, for they are filled with suggestive comment, particularly that on Dante—is complicated with a lack of central veracity in the critic's own philosophy. Lucretius and Dante believed intensely in their vision of the world as a reality; it was no conscious creation of their imagination, but a revelation and an appeal to the will. This earnestness of belief, this clutch of reality in the imagination, is to Professor Santayana a mode of feeling utterly inconceivable—so we judge from his books. Truth in his philosophy is not something apprehended, but something created by the mind; he is, so to speak, a pragmatist of the imagination as Professor James was a pragmatist of the will. So he observes that mankind is in a state of barbarism until it has "removed the centre of its being, or of its faith, from the will to the imagination"; and that "the true theory [of the world] like the false resides in the imagination." At the end he sums up his criticism thus:

> To play with nature and make it decorative, to play with the overtones of life and make them delightful, is a sort of art. It is the ultimate, the most artistic sort of art, but it will never be practised successfully so long as the other sort of art is in a backward state; for if we do not know our environment, we shall mistake our dreams for a part of it, and so spoil our science by making it fantastic, and our dreams by making them obligatory. The art and the religion of the past, as we see conspicuously in Dante, have fallen into this error. To correct it would be to establish a new religion and a new art, based on moral liberty and on moral courage.

There is in this philosophy a disquieting touch of "make-believe"; we are to know the hard facts of prosaic life, and then we are to weave about them our ideas as in a play and imagine these ideas to be true. This, at least, is the only way in which we can understand Professor Santayana's theory of the imagination. But great literature does not as a matter of fact grow in this fashion. Lucretius and Dante were great, not in spite of their faith, but because they believed that what they saw was in the likeness of a reality in which their conscious imagination had no part. There is, to say the truth, something approaching the naïve in Professor Santayana's notion of the perfect poet (he has never yet existed) of the "new religion" and the "new art," who shall take his dreams very seriously, yet know there is nothing obligatory about them. Mankind is not likely ever to take home to its heart and conscience a poetry built on so shadowy an idealism as this. Curiously enough, the element in "Faust" to which Professor Santayana objects is really just such an empty idealism which Goethe carried over from his immersion in romanticism.

Professor Santayana's taste goes right where his philosophy goes wrong, and we enjoy him most when he is more the literary critic and less the systematic metaphysician. There is nothing, perhaps, in the present volume quite so critically penetrative as the chapter on Browning and Walt Whitman in his "Poetry and Religion," but we could from these three essays string together columns of subtle comment and fine appreciation. We must be content with this example from the essay on Lucretius; it will bear reading more than once:

> Horace, usually so much slighter than Lucretius, is less cursory here. Not only does he strike much oftener the note of friendship, but his whole mind and temper breathe of friendliness and expected agreement. There is, in the very charm and artifice of his lines, a sort of confidential joy in tasting with the kindred few the sweet or pungent savour of human things. To be brief and gently ironical is to assume mutual intelligence; and to assume mutual intelligence is to believe in friendship. In Lucretius, on the other hand, zeal is mightier than sympathy, and scorn mightier than humor. Perhaps it would be asking too much of his uncompromising fervor that he should have unbent now and then and shown us in some detail what those pleasures of life may be which are without care and fear. Yet, if it was impossible for him not to be always serious and austere, he might at least have noted the melancholy of friendship—for friendship, where nature has made minds isolated and bodies mortal, is rich also in melancholy. This again we may find in Horace, where once or twice he lets the "something bitter" bubble up from the heart even of this flower, when he feels a vague need that survives satiety, and yearns perversely for the impossible. Poor Epicureans, when they could not learn, like their master, to be saints!

In the end a word is due to the series which this volume opens. If it can maintain the excellence and character of these essays it may do something to uphold the credit of "comparative literature"—a phrase which, unfortunately, is beginning to gather about it associations with various sophisms and pretensions of education.

Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone. Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury, In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Mr. Gladstone had a strong bent for the Church and, but for his father's wishes, would have taken orders. If he had, he would infallibly have been one of the great ecclesiastics of his day. One would not say so confidently that he would have been a great theologian. Yet to theology and church questions he devoted an amount of time, all his life, which seems enormous in view of his other absorbing occupations; and the copious outpourings of these two volumes show what a mass of material Lord Morley had to pass by in writing the life of the statesman. As he explained, he was compelled to leave unwritten "the detailed history of Mr. Gladstone as theologian and churchman." To make good that necessary omission, Mr. Lathbury has selected and grouped letters covering a stretch of sixty years and relating to all the great religious controversies that arose in Gladstone's lifetime. His present editor has supplied a candid and useful introduction to each chapter, tracing the development of Mr. Gladstone's thought, especially as related to the Established Church, and showing where it was but a natural growth and where but apparently inexplicable turnings forced upon him by political stress. A clear line of severe consistency can hardly be drawn between the youthful Gladstone of "The State in its Relation to the Church" and the man who destroyed the Irish Church and came to speak confidently, at the end of his life, of Disestablishment in England as certain to come, though not in his time. But through all the long sweep of discussion and legislation affecting education and religion, this at least comes out in the correspondence, that Gladstone came to every question with remarkable intellectual powers and a personal devoutness that is beyond dispute. Some of the letters to his children are indirect but convincing testimonies to that inbred and unaffected piety which sometimes made his enemies mock, but which enabled his friend, Dean Church, to say that it was a simple fact that the Prime Minister went each day to the business of the nation from his knees.

And it must be said that it was a vital as well as grand conception of the Church which Gladstone cherished. While valuing externals, he always struck for the essentials. Thus Mr. Lathbury remarks: "Where spiritual gains and losses were concerned Mr. Gladstone had no faith in statistics. Lists of new churches, of additional services, of young men's clubs, of mothers' associations, of all the nominally religious machinery which makes so fair a show on paper, left him unmoved by

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the side of the fact that the incoming tide was steadily covering fresh ground." And how far he was content from simply having the Church proudly lift her mitred front, as Burke wished her to do, may be inferred from a letter to his father, written in 1847, in which he spoke of the kind of Protestantism with which he had "no sympathy whatever":

> It is the Protestantism which grew into fashion during the last century and has not yet quite grown out of it; that hated everything in religion which lived and moved; which lowered and almost paganized doctrine, loosened and destroyed discipline; which neglected learning, coolly tolerated vice, and, as it has been said, was never enthusiastic except against enthusiasm; which heaped up abuses mountain high in the shape of plurality, nonresidence, simony, and others more than I can tell, drove millions into dissent, suffered millions more to grow up in virtual heathenism, and made the Church of England—I say it with deliberate sorrow—instead of being the glory, in many respects the shame of Christendom.

His fullest expressions on all these subjects, Gladstone made to his friends, Hope and Manning. Both of them, to his grief, went over to Rome. But of neither did he say or think anything comparable to what he wrote of Newman, at the time of the latter's becoming a Catholic. Indignation almost overbore sorrow in Gladstone's letter to Manning in which he said that Newman stood before the world "a disgraced man." This feeling of resentment wore away with the years. Gladstone came to a more lenient view of Newman's character, and even of the step which carried him to Rome and the Cardinalate; while no tribute to the man on his literary side could be heartier than that which Gladstone paid in 1866, when he wrote to Sir F. Rogers:

> I do not know if Newman's style affects others as I find myself affected by it. It is a transporting style. I find myself constantly disposed to cry aloud, and vent myself in that way, as I read. It is like the very highest music, and seems sometimes in beauty to go beyond the human. . . . It calls back to me a line in which, I think (but it is long since I read it), Dante describes his own *religious* ecstasies: "Che fece me da me uscir di mente."

Joan of Arc. By Grace James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The case of Joan of Arc enjoys, besides its many other forms of appeal, the special charm resulting from the fact that it can never be settled. No theory explains all the facts, and there are not facts enough thoroughly to ground any theory. Such as they are, the facts are substantially agreed upon by scholars, and the general public has become familiar with them in connection with the recent recognition of Joan by Rome. These facts have the property of bringing out, as it were by chemical reaction, the philosophic system of the mind that comes in contact with them. In recent biographies it can be seen what excellent re-agents they are for the exhibition of the pietistic habit, the patriotic, the positivist, the materialistic, the psychotherapic, the common-sensible, the sentimental. Miss James's book (and Mr. Shandy would have inferred it from her name) gives us the pragmatic. The part of her book that deals with what Professor James used to call the "existential judgment," is clear and sufficient. Even Mr. Lang admits that her statements of fact are generally correct. Hers is probably, therefore, the most satisfactory popular account of Joan in English, for Mr. Lang's spirited narrative is too polemic to be thoroughly intelligible to a reader who does not realize from having read M. Anatole France' what is really the matter with his author.

When it comes to the "proposition of value," Miss James sweeps away with a vigorous pragmatic gesture those difculties which have at the same time charmed and baffled so many students. "Although the theory of medical materialism may be new, true, and interesting, it is of no account in judging the value of Joan of Arc's religious experiences. Discussions as to the health of her mind and body are in this connection utterly beside the mark. If the Maid had been stolid, placid, a sturdy peasant lass, these facts would affect the worthiness of her mission not at all, were it in itself not credible and profitable. And if her mission is proved true, credible, and profitable, what can it matter if she was visionary, emotional, hysterical, or if her father was subject to curious dreams?"

The War in Wexford. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

This is an interesting book. It tells, chiefly in the words of contemporaries, the thrilling story of the fiercest struggles of that bloody rebellion against the English rule in Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century, which led on to the Act of Union in 1800-1. The authors have made liberal use of three sources, which have apparently not been at the command of any of the numerous previous historians of the conflict. These are the correspondence of Arthur Annesley, Earl of Mount Norris, the Detail Book of the loyalist body of Camolin Yeomanry, of which he was the moving spirit, and the journal of Mrs. Isabella Brownrigg of Greenmount, County Wexford, covering the period from May 26 to June 21, 1798, when the troops under Sir John Moore relieved Wexford, and the battle of Vinegar Hill was fought. The horrors of this desperate struggle are not surpassed in the annals of modern history, though some of the episodes of the Peninsular and Carlist wars in Spain may be regarded as equalling them; and the government forces were fully as guilty as were the rebels. Wholesale massacres in cold blood of defenceless prisoners by the insurgents were more than counterbalanced by brutal floggings to extort information, and even the occasional application of still more inhuman torture on the part of the loyalists. The practices of covering the heads of prisoners with caps lined with heated pitch, and of cutting cruciform furrows in the hair, filling them with gunpowder, and setting fire to it, were not unknown.

That these events have been recorded in a spirit of bitter partisanship by both sides can be no cause for surprise; and it is greatly to the credit of Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley that whenever they have desisted from quoting the sources, and permitted themselves an original opinion, they have maintained on the whole a strictly judicial attitude. They approve of the policy of men like Abercromby, Cornwallis, and Moore, whose "justice was tempered with mercy," rather than that of the adherents of violent coercion, like Camden and Lake; but, on the other hand, they emphasize the necessity of suppressing the revolt with a strong hand, and are unquestionably correct in asserting that, whatever their earlier mistakes, the English saved Ireland "from herself in the latter days of the eighteenth century, and from the iron fetters with which Jacobin France would most surely have bound her." In that last clause lies a truth which most of the passionate bewailers of Ireland's past wrongs are too apt to forget. We hold no brief for the English administration of that island, but we maintain that the difficulties of it can never be fairly estimated without constantly bearing in mind the fact that Ireland had been a place of refuge for English malcontents and pretenders, and an obvious and usually sympathetic base for an attack by French and Spanish foes since the accession of the House of Tudor. At no time was the closeness of the connection between Irish revolt and hostile continental invasion clearer or more menacing than in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

The Coming Religion. By Charles F. Dole. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1 net.

The Gospel and the Modern Man. By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The rôle of the prophet is traditionally difficult. To have any value, visions of the future must be based on just appreciation of the past as well as keen analysis of present tendencies. Too often seers merely declaim their enthu-

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siasms and set them forth as prophecies, and in their pronouncement of that which is to be the wish is father to the prediction. Dr. Dole's description of the religion of the future is of this sort. His spirit has been moved by a few of our modern doctrines, and forthwith he declares that these are to be the doctrines of the coming generations. He has not inquired as to what beliefs have held their power through the ages, working their way into the consciousness of nations and races, and holding their own through centuries of political and social revolution. Neither has he sought with any diligence for those religious beliefs which to-day are strongest in the great masses and which give clearest evidence of persistence.

Dr. Dole declares that the message of the coming religion will be that the world in which we live is God's world, therefore a good world, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding; that God is the father of all men, whether they realize it or not; that men are more religious than they suppose, and that no violent struggles for spiritual attainment, such as the great saints of the past have experienced, are really necessary. The old idea of the world as a conflict between good and evil was altogether mistaken, and there is no need of a religion of redemption. Joy is to be the keynote of the new religion, not deliverance from evil.

Unless the experience of the ages goes for naught, this is altogether too light a gospel to hold the allegiance of men's hearts. It does not meet the deeper needs of life or the sadder realities of human experience. The men of the past have not found error an impotent thing and injustice no real power, as Dr. Dole declares them, and there are no present signs that future generations will be more favored. We need not go back to Calvin's Institutes, but we are likely for a long time to come to be faced with the sad realities of evil deeds and smitten consciences with which those serious volumes attempt to deal.

As an advocate of a milder faith, Dr. Dole is not tactful. He stirs opposition when he needs to conciliate, as when he sets down the gospel miracles as acts of magic and defines the atonement as a doctrine that "a God died on a cross to buy entrance to paradise for Christians, and especially the orthodox variety of Christians, while all Buddhists, Mohammedans, and heretics were thrust down into hell." Not thus are the orthodox converted, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether any one will be moved to accept a religion which is "no extraordinary thing."

Professor Mathews is more penetrating in his description of a gospel adapted to modern life. "Our modern life," he says, "needs a call to moral discontent. We are too complacent, too ready to think that we are good because we are prosperous. Much of the appeal made to-day in the more progressive pulpits overlooks the fact that multitudes of people are bad. God is a Father, we are told, and men should come to him because he is loving. That is true; but no religion has ever long gripped humanity that has deceived itself into believing that men are better than they are." Not only does Professor Mathews see clearly the moral needs of the world, but he has also a discerning historical perspective. He estimates fairly the religious values of the past. His essay is an endeavor to go back to the moment when Christianity was first preached as a distinctive message, interpret it accurately by just historical criticism, and translate the message thus derived into the terms and symbols of the present. He does all of this with unusual success, and in a manner to inform and conciliate the pious of the older sort, while asserting for men of progressive spirit a gospel of moral earnestness and of high religious aspiration.

A History of Verona. By A. M. Allen. Edited by Edward Armstrong. The States of Italy Series: General Editors, Edward Armstrong and R. Langton Douglas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Miss Allen is manifestly of the opinion that history is a science and not an art, and that, therefore, the whole duty of the historian consists in the collection, digestion, and ordering of facts. Everything else is mere surplusage. With this view we might have no quarrel. If we are to understand the past, facts are, after all, the only things which can really help us, and it is certainly no part of the business of science to make a popular appeal. We are rather weary of writers on things Italian who impudently thrust their twentieth-century personalities and twentieth-century preconceptions between us and the Middle Ages, and we are prepared to extend a hearty welcome to a work which deals exclusively with facts. Unfortunately, however, the range of Miss Allen's facts is hardly wide enough for the title of her book. "A History of Verona" she calls it, but it is a history of Verona with the Veronesi left out. Apparently, she has never resided in the town, and, although she tells us that she has twice visited it, she would seem to have found but little time for studying the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants. After reading her book through from end to end we know no more of the specific characteristics of the Veronesi, whether ancient or modern, than we did before we opened it. All her facts are drawn from books and manuscripts; study of codices, not intercourse with the people, has been her means of preparation for the task she has undertaken; and we venture to suggest that in a second edition, the volume should be called "A *Political* History of Verona." It is as such that we propose to review it.

Now, a political history of a mediæval town must be judged exclusively from the point of view of the student. If it does not satisfy his requirements, it is useless. It can have no other *raison d'être*. And here Miss Allen does not fail us. Within its limited field her work is worthy of all praise. Not only has she read virtually everything that has ever been published on Verona, whether in Italian, German, French, or English, but she has also made extensive original researches among the archives of Verona, Venice, and Mantua. She is scrupulously accurate, and so skilfully has she marshalled her facts that her book may even please the general reader, though it certainly was not written for him. In one particular only does she fall below the highest standard, and that is in the matter of references. As a rule, these are all that can be desired, but, now and then, we come across an assertion which we should be glad to have the means of verifying. A case in point will be found on page 15, where she deals, all too briefly, with those *consorterie* or private associations out of which, according to the most recent theory, the Italian Communes are supposed to have developed. A footnote citing her authorities would have been very welcome; also, on page 100, her fugitive allusion to "reprisals" (*rappressaglie*) might well have been supplemented by a reference to the standard work of Professors Del Vecchio and Casanova. In a book of this character authorities ought to be cited not only frequently but at every step.

The last two chapters are devoted to the painting, sculpture, and architecture of Verona. They are entirely correct and unimpeachable, but, like the historical chapters which precede them, they throw no light upon the character of the Veronese people. If we may borrow a phrase of Prof. Langton Douglas's, Miss Allen seems to "regard the House of Life as though it were divided into air-tight and emotion-tight compartments." Her art chapters, for anything they have to do with the rest of the book, might almost as well have been published under a separate cover.

The volume is illustrated with maps and photographs and contains a serviceable bibliography. The index occupies no less than nineteen pages, but it is not altogether satisfactory. The following are a few of the subjects mentioned in the text, but omitted from the index: Agriculture, S. Bernardino, Gambling, Games, Prisoners of War, Reprisals, Roads, Strolling Players. *Corte bandita* also should be included, if only with a cross reference to *curia*, an alternative title with which many are unfamiliar. These, however, are comparatively slight blemishes in a painstaking

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and scholarly work which does no discredit to the excellent series to which it belongs.

Notes.

Cassell & Co. have a third edition of John Foster Fraser's "Australia: The Making of a Nation." The volume contains fifty-six illustrations from photographs.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for early publication "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur," edited by Theodore Stanton, and "Corporation Finance," by Edward S. Meade.

The Glasgow Scottish History Exhibition will display literature connected with Burns, Allan Ramsay, and Walter Scott.

The *English Review* of November contains the censored act of Laurence Housman's new play, and "Paris Nights" by Arnold Bennett.

A book which discusses the relation of the general historical setting of the Old Testament narratives to Egyptian history will be issued shortly by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. Its title is "Egypt and Israel," and the author is Professor Petrie.

Dr. Johannes Strickler, who died recently at Berne, was the author of a "History of Switzerland," and of treatises dealing with special periods of Swiss history.

F. J. Britton is now engaged upon a new edition of his "Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers," and would be glad to have additions and corrections sent to his home, Silverdale Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, England.

"A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects" is the title of a unique bibliography which has been prepared through the coöperation of more than twenty teachers in Harvard University. Each instructor has contributed a list of the more noteworthy books in his special field, and in almost every case has added a brief criticism or analysis. The book will be published by the university early in November.

Prof. John E. McFayden, recently appointed to succeed Prof. George Adam Smith in the chair of Old Testament at the United Free Church College, Glasgow, is engaged upon the Epistles and Revelations, which are to appear in a single volume, and which form a part of the series of Commentaries on the New Testament.

By mistake the title of Mrs. John Martin's new book, published by Baker & Taylor Co., was announced by us as "Parlor Socialists"; the announcement should have read "Is Mankind Advancing?"

The United Company of New York will issue this month "Beautiful Art in Beadwork," a book purporting to give instructions for making purses, dress trimmings, beaded slippers, etc.

"Crow-Step" is the title of a romance by Georgia Fraser, which is promised shortly by Witter & Kintner of New York.

The University of Chicago Press has in its announcements of forthcoming books: Educational: "The Public School," by Ella Flagg Young; "Recent Developments in Agricultural Education," by Benjamin M. Davis; "The Higher Education as a Training for Business," by Harry Pratt Judson. Literary: "Elkanah Settle: His Life and Works," by Frank C. Brown. Philosophical: "Pragmatism and Its Critics," by Addison W. Moore; "Some Phases in the Development of the Subjective Point of View during the Post-Aristotelian Period," by Dagny G. Sunne; "The Psychology of Ritualism," by Frederick G. Henke. Biblical and religious: "Introduction to Religious Education," by Theodore G. Soares; "Christian Ethics," by Gerald B. Smith; "The Psychology of Religion," by George A. Coe; "Ethics of the Old Testament," by Hinckley G. Mitchell; "Child Mind and Child Religion," by Edwin D. Starbuck; "The Finality of the Christian Religion," part ii, by George B. Foster; "The Hebrew Prophets or Patriots and Leaders of Israel," by Georgia L. Chamberlin; "Heroes of Israel" (Teachers' Manual), by Theodore G. Soares. Historical: "The Greek Theatre," by Roy C. Flickinger.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story, "The Secret Garden," after appearing serially in the *American Magazine*, will be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Wessels & Bissell Co. have been appointed agents for the publications of Harvard University. The current publications will be carried in stock in New York.

Among the books soon to come from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons are "The Great Illusion: A Study of the Relation of Military Power to Economic Advantage," which is an amplified edition of Norman Angell's pamphlet, "Europe's Optical Illusion"; "African and European Addresses," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries," by Adolf Harnack; "Primitive Christianity," Vol. III, by Otto Pfleiderer; "The History of Medicine," by David Allyn Gorton; "The Orator's Manual," by George L. Raymond; "The Writer," by George L. Raymond and George P. Wheeler; "The Historic Mohawk," by Mary R. Diefendorf; a handsome edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," with water-color drawings by Edward Hopkins, and "The Clipper Ship Era," by Capt. Arthur H. Clark.

The same house, acting as American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces the publication of the following volumes: "The Bacchants of Euripides and Other Essays," by A. W. Verrall; "The Romantic Movement in French Literature" (traced by a series of texts selected and edited by H. F. Stewart and Arthur Tilley); "Lanarkshire" (Cambridge County Geographies), by Frederick Mort; "Nottinghamshire" (Cambridge County Geographies), by H. H. Swinnerton; "The Acts of the Apostles" (the Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools Series), by H. C. O. Lanchester; "The Gospel According to St. Mark," revised from the edition of C. F. Maclear, in the series the Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools; "Selections from the Confessions of St. Augustine," newly translated by W. Montgomery, and "The Imperial Civil Service of Rome," by H. Mattingly.

Some members of the bibliographical staff of the *Publishers' Weekly* office have been at work during the past summer on a classified directory of "Private Libraries in the United States." It is planned to arrange the material in three alphabets. The first will be by names of collectors, with addresses and some mention of the collector's specialty; the second will be geographical, by States and cities; the third, topical, showing under each subject the names of all who have similar tastes. The little volume will probably not be ready before the end of the year, so that names of collectors not yet represented may be included, if sent in during the next month. The names of owners of purely professional libraries, those relating to law, medicine, or theology, will not be included, unless the collection is rich in some special subject; for instance, a law library strong in, say, "admiralty law" would be included; a medical library with exhaustive lists on "Tuberculosis," "X-rays," etc.; a theological library with "Liturgics" as a marked feature would find place in the list.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for October opens with some impressions of the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, in East Africa, by Mr. O. W. Barrett of the United States Agricultural Department. He describes it as one of the richest countries in the world in agricultural possibilities, and also one of the least known. He gives a favorable account of the natives, for "the farther away from civilized centres we went the more *respectable*" the natives became. An account of a trip in the interior of Asia Minor, to study the problem of its gradual sterilization in the past twenty centuries, is given by the well-known traveller, Ellsworth Huntington. He shows conclusively that it was not due to the fact that the inhabitants gave up the cultivation of the soil to become nomads, but to the deterioration of the soil itself. To use his words, "it is not the people who have nomadized the land, but the land which has nomadized the people."

Volumes XV to XVIII of Scribner's memorial edition of George Meredith bring us "The Tragic Comedians," "Diana of the Crossways," "One of Our Conquerors," and "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." The first has very appropriately for frontispiece a photogravure of Ferdinand Lasselle, whose adventures with Helene von Racowitza gave Meredith the plot of the novel. "Diana" has for illustrations the portrait of the author at the age of seventy-two, from the etching by Mortimer Menpes, and a photograph of the Crossways Farm House. Meredith, aged sixty-nine, in the photograph taken by Mrs. H. P. Sturgis appears in "One of Our Conquerors."

Bohn's Library, of G. Bell & Sons, still holds up its head as the chief collection of uniform editions, and a new volume is always a little event in the world of letters. One can only regret that the publishers ever abandoned the old quaintly stamped covers for the now characterless style. The latest issue contains Robinson's translation of "The Utopia of Sir Thomas More," with the original Latin text of the first edition (1516), Roper's "Life of More," and a few of More's letters. The editing has had the care of George Sampson. In the case of the "Life" he has twice collated the four MSS. in the British Museum, once for the folio in the Chiswick Library of Noble Writers (1903), and a second time for this reprint. Mr. Sampson's text differs only in matters of detail from Singer's text (1817 and 1822), which has hitherto been the

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standard. Singer modernized the spelling, whereas Mr. Sampson preserves the old orthography throughout—a doubtful advantage. Mr. Sampson's notes, at the bottom of the pages, are excellent for their brevity and appositeness. A. Guthkelch contributes an Introduction and Bibliography. Altogether the edition, not omitting the type and paper, is thoroughly satisfactory.

Sixteen heroes appear in M. I. Ebbutt's "Hero-Myths and Legends of the British Race" (Crowell). The roll includes Beowulf, the Empress Helena, the Emperor Constantine, Havelok the Dane, Howard the Halt, Roland, Cuchulain, Gamelyn, William of Cloudeslee, Sir Gawayne, King Horn, Robin Hood, and Hereward the Wake. Original sources are followed rather closely, and while there is some wavering between archaism and modernity in the style, we find nothing serious to criticise except the choice of blank verse for translation from lilting ballad metres. Since direct quotation is rare, the drawback is slight. We could wish Gawayne had been represented by the adventure with the Black Knight rather than by his troth with the loathly Lady. There are wash drawings by various hands, Byam Shaw being the most notable contributor. It is an excellent book for boys.

John Tweedy's "History of the Republican National Conventions from 1856 to 1908" (published by the author, Danbury, Conn.) is a reprint with additions and revision of a series of newspaper articles. Mr. Tweedy does not to any extent go into causes and consequences, nor does he discuss issues or the influences that led to the nomination of this candidate or that. Nevertheless he has compiled a book of considerable usefulness, which, would, however, be greater from the general point of view were it not so crowded with data in regard to Connecticut's participation in the events recorded. The explanation of this feature is that the book was written for Connecticut readers. The writer, himself a native of that State, attended the conventions of 1860, 1868, 1872, 1876, and 1880, and the personal reminiscences and anecdotes which are interspersed through the four hundred pages of his history are in many respects its most valuable and interesting parts.

The publication of Henry E. Bliss's new classification of books, an outline of which with sample schedules was printed in the August *Library Journal*, will be looked forward to with interest, especially if the work proves really to be, as the author claims, a classification for *books*, not for notes and clippings, as in the minutely subdivided schemes of Dewey and Cutter. It is too early as yet, of course, to speak about the comparative value of the order of the sciences in the new classification and in the three older systems of Dewey, Cutter, and the Library of Congress, but we might point out that in Mr. Bliss's general synopsis Medicine and Religion and Theology are classed as anthropological sciences, Education as subordinate to Psychology, and that Social Sciences are divided into Sociology, Ethics, Political Science (including Jurisprudence), and Economics, and are followed by Useful and Fine Arts.

In the "Merry Tales and Three Shrovetide Plays by Hans Sachs, now first done into English Verse" (London: David Nutt), William Leighton introduces English and American readers unfamiliar with German to one side of his author's activity. Besides the title, a motto from Longfellow confesses that this volume is restricted to Hans Sachs the humorist. One of the best books ever written on the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, that of Schweitzer, finds that the salient points of his character were *solidité* and *bienveillance*. We could wish that Mr. Leighton's "Forewords" were less perfunctory, and were comprehensive enough to include fuller consideration of Hans Sachs's more serious qualities. But Sachs was a merry old soul withal, and it is pleasant to make his acquaintance as such. Though Mr. Leighton has not succeeded in preserving much of the quaintness of his sixteenth-century original, he has produced a version that is throughout fairly close to the German and is in quite flowing and readable English. His selections do as well as a single volume could do for the author of six thousand poems. Hans Sachs is here represented by two score "Erzählungen" and "Schwänke" and two "Meisterlieder," as well as by three "Fastnachtsspiele." The last were probably the most difficult to render acceptably. They seem wordy when compared with the narratives, in which a certain loquacity is not out of keeping with the tone of humorous moralizing.

The popular but scholarly volumes of H. W. C. Davis, Innes, and Trevelyan, in the seven-volume history of England, of which Prof. Charles Oman is the general editor, are already favorably known. Mr. Oman himself has now added an initial volume on "England before the Norman Conquest" (Putnam). Though he does not cumber his pages with learned apparatus, he shows in every chapter his familiarity with the best monographic material and with the researches of such scholars as Rice Holmes, Haverfield, and Chadwick. As one might expect from his earlier writings, the author is more interested in narrative and military history than in economic and constitutional development. There are, to be sure, chapters on the social and political condition of England in the eighth century, but his statement of various theories appears perfunctory and lacking in personal convictions. Occasionally he overemphasizes the obvious. But after all this volume must be regarded as one of the most satisfactory accounts of Roman and Anglo-Saxon Britain. There are good maps and genealogical tables. Particularly interesting are the author's reasons for refusing to join with most other historians who optimistically accept the Battle of Hastings as an act of Providence and regard the Norman Conquest as a blessing for England.

A trenchant and refreshingly outspoken bit of military criticism is printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Charles Francis Adams's paper on Washington's neglect to employ cavalry in the Revolution. That the British commanders also failed to use their opportunity in the same line is no excuse for the American, and more than once a well-directed cavalry attack on either side might have had a destructive effect, and by terminating the war have saved some exhausting years of conflict. By rare good fortune the English failed to follow up their successes, and omitted to develop an arm of the service that was admirably adapted for the campaigns in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. They remained inactive when the American army was in their power, and when they had a fair opportunity to annihilate the already demoralized force which Washington held together with difficulty. From this point of view Washington was as culpable as Howe, and he comes in for some sharp criticism, just as John Adams criticised him at the time for too close an adherence to a Fabian policy. The judgments passed upon his strategy are fully justified by the array of facts which Mr. Adams has gathered, and the form and temper of the paper are excellent.

The spirited "Chronique du régne de Charles IX," by Mérimée, reappears in new and handsome form in the Oxford Higher French Series (Clarendon Press). The editor of this volume is Prof. A. T. Baker of the University of Sheffield, whose introduction, editing of the text, and notes, are carefully done. One is hereby induced to hope that English publishers will henceforth entrust the editing of French texts to first-class English teachers of French to a greater extent than they have done heretofore. For, without disparaging the good teaching work done by many Frenchmen in English-speaking countries, a glance at their text-annotations usually shows what in itself is *a priori* self-evident, that the French are not the best judges of the difficulties their language offers to foreigners.

The fifth book of Lucretius has a more general appeal to younger students than the other books. This has led W. D. Lowe to prepare an edition of this book for lower forms (Clarendon Press). He divides it into two volumes—one, containing lines 783 to the end, is edited for more elementary students than the other (lines 1-782). His theory is that the creation of things in the world might easily precede, as being simpler, the more complicated account of the creation of the world and the formation of the heavenly bodies. In this country Lucretius has always been reserved for the later years in college, on account of the many textual difficulties and the philosophical technicalities of the narrative. But many portions, specially the fifth book, partake so much of the nature of pure poetry that they may be read with profit by unphilosophical students. The brief introductions to the two volumes have exactly the same arrangement, that of the later volume being slightly more elaborate. In both no regard is paid to controversial matters. The text is that of the new Oxford edition, with running English at intervals. The commentary is intended to assist the student rather than to do his work for him. Certain notes are, however, over-scholarly and impractical. Of what value to the student is the bare statement that, for instance, *pennipotens* is a Lucretian coinage, or that *animal* (v. 823) is found only here in Lucretius in the singular? The small paragraph in the introduction on peculiarities of Lucretian usage is quite inadequate, and the statements of the various notes are nowhere collected so as to give any idea of the position of Lucretius in the history of the Latin language. For those students for whom the book is intended a vocabulary might well have been added. But even without it, the book is a serviceable one, and it is to be hoped that it may help to introduce Lucretius to many students who now quit the study of Latin before they reach him.

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The training of backward children is the subject of the book, entitled, "Auxiliary Education," which is translated from the German of Dr. B. Maennel by Emma Sylvester, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. A sketch of the rise and development of this work as a part of public school effort shows that it began in Germany fifty years ago, and is now a recognized department of the school systems of most cities in that country. Our own efforts toward the training of the exceptional child came a long time afterward, and have been largely influenced by German experience. Characteristic German thoroughness is exhibited in the plans by which the physical, mental, and moral condition of backward children is examined into, the home life investigated, and the history of their parents scrutinized. With equal detail the traits of the pupil admitted to the auxiliary school and their modification as a result of training are recorded and closely studied by successive teachers. The equipment of these special schools or classes, the environment of the child, the daily watchful care of his health, the modified curriculum, and the training of teachers for the work, are all discussed. The State has promptly recognized that the establishment and maintenance of these auxiliary schools is not merely a duty toward poorly endowed children, but that it is a social need. The book closes with a chapter on the training of backward children in this country, both in State institutions and in the public schools.

The Rev. Morton Dexter, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Congregationalist*, died suddenly last Saturday, aged sixty-four. He was much interested in colonial history, on which he wrote two books: "The Story of the Pilgrims" and "The England and Holland of the Pilgrims."

Sir William Agnew, for many years head of the firm of Thomas Agnew & Sons, publishers and art dealers, but more recently chairman of Bradbury, Agnew & Co., publishers of *Punch*, died last Monday at the age of eighty-five. In 1880 he was elected to Parliament, and devoted himself to the Liberal cause. Essays, addresses, and notes of travel which he wrote were circulated privately.

Science.

Science books announced by the University of Chicago Press include: "The Meaning of Social Science," by Albion W. Small, and "The Problem of the Angle-Bisectors," by Richard P. Baker.

Some three years ago we printed a qualified approval of a third edition of the "Personal Hygiene" (W. B. Saunders Co.), which Dr. W. L. Pyle edited, and to which seven other writers also contributed. A fourth edition has now appeared with all the typographical excellence we are accustomed to expect from these publishers. The only obvious change in the book is the addition of a new and suggestive chapter of nearly twenty pages on certain hygienic aspects of "Body-Posture," written by Dr. J. E. Goldthwait, whose keen interest in this topic is well known to his professional brethren. In our former notice we commented especially on the unsatisfactory account of the stomach pump, the inconsistency in the treatment of poisoning by oxalic acid as given on two almost successive pages, and on the glossary. In these matters the text is unchanged.

Modern garden books easily fall into two general classes. In the first we find those which endeavor to give instruction, pure and simple, and are useful handbooks of practical horticulture. The second class comprises works which are profusely illustrated and are filled with pleasant descriptions of cultivated plants. To this latter class belongs Nelte Blanchan's "American Flower Garden" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The illustrations are well chosen and well executed. A few of the sketches are among the finest we have yet seen, and may fairly be regarded as happy solutions of difficult problems in landscape gardening. The planting lists are judiciously selected and are accompanied by excellent advice as to special treatment. Taken all in all, the work is safe and sound. It has no impracticable suggestions which will sooner or later drive the amateur wild with despair; it simply leads him by easy steps to what ought to be a successful management of our northern horticultural treasures. The treatise can be confidently commended to the attention of all who are fond of picturesque gardening.

Dr. J. F. Rogers in "Life and Health" (Lippincott) seeks to present the hygienic problem from the point of view that the harmonious working of the body is the true basis of health. In doing this he discusses the activities of the body in a decidedly unconventional fashion and with a novel neglect of any systematic description of parts and functions. While this method carries with it a lack of precision and definiteness of advice, it has the advantage of freshness, and will probably awaken the interest of the ignorant reader of the better sort and lead him to wish to take greater care of himself. Despite the rather vague character of the directions concerning the conduct of life, in marked contrast to many books on the subject, this book nowhere seriously misleads the reader and promises to be really helpful.

The little book on "Hygiene and Morality" (Putnam), by Lavinia L. Dock, R.N., is professedly intended as a guide for her sister nurses. It deals ostensibly with the venereal diseases and their prevention and with the problem of prostitution. The introductory account of the diseases in question is brief and in most respects good, although the author here and there flounders in water somewhat too deep for her. In other parts of the book, also the medical reader will find fresh evidence that the professional nurse is far too ready to express opinions on purely medical matters. Later on the book reveals itself as really a plea for the extension of suffrage to women on the ground that only their participation in legislation will bring about a removal of the social evil and thus the elimination of the specific diseases.

Dr. W. T. Brigham, director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, and author of "The Volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa" (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press), first visited Hawaii in 1864, in company with the late Horace Mann, for the purpose of studying its geology and botany. During the forty-five years which have elapsed since then, he has kept in close touch with the progress of the volcanic outbreaks, and since 1888 has made Honolulu his home. Interest in vulcanology has led him to travel extensively among the cones, active and extinct, of other lands. The present work is chiefly a careful record of what has been published upon the Hawaiian vents. The earliest accounts date from 1789, and have been passed down by oral testimony from native eye-witnesses. The first record of a white man based on observations was made in 1823, and since that time, both from missionaries and from scientific travellers, full descriptions have often appeared. Dr. Brigham has compiled these with care, and, adding to them his own experiences of nearly half a century, has made a valuable history of the two most famous craters of the Hawaiian Islands. Maps, drawings, and paintings are freely reproduced. Of the causes of volcanoes, and of the petrography of the rocks, the author says nothing, restricting himself to descriptions and records which may be the basis of such discussions by subsequent investigators.

In the reconnoitring expedition of 1903 in Central Asia, conducted by Prof. W. M. Davis, Dr. Raphael Pumpelly was led to select the oasis of Anau, 300 miles east of the Caspian Sea, as a promising spot for excavation, and the results of later investigations are now published in two folio volumes under the title "Explorations in Turkestan, Expedition of 1904: Prehistoric civilizations of Anau, origins, growth, and influences of environment" (Carnegie Institution). The various sides of the extensive work were entrusted to assistants, most of them specialists: archæological excavations to H. Schmidt; glazed ware to H. H. Kidder; description of the mounds (Kurgans) to E. Huntington; chemical analysis of metallic implements to F. A. Gooch; physiography of deserts and oases to R. Welles Pumpelly; animal remains, especially the horse, to J. U. Duerst; some skulls to G. Sorgi; some human remains to T. Mollison; wheat and barley to H. C. Schellenberg; stone implements and skeletons to L. Warner. A general discussion of results is given by R. Pumpelly, the director of the expedition. Beginning with a description of undrained Central Asia as anciently a series of great and small landlocked basins containing residuary seas, with a general trend toward aridity, he goes on to describe the successive ancient civilizations that he thinks traceable in Anau—a succession produced by alternation of fertility and aridity. He distinguishes four periods of culture, separated by unknown periods of stagnation, and recognizable by their agricultural implements, their domestic animals, their use of metals (in the order lead, copper, tin, iron), their flint instruments and pottery, and their burial customs, and also defined to some extent by stratigraphic data. From these facts, by comparison with other civilizations, Babylonian, Mycenæan, Ægean, he reaches the conclusion that the beginnings of the settlement of Anau are to be placed in the third millennium, B. C.; he adds that the absolute chronology of the culture epochs of prehistoric Anau stands on a very weak basis, but he expects future investigations to produce better chronological data. Meantime, taking the rate of growth of the mounds to be two feet a century, he concludes that the North mound

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(the older) was founded between 8000 and 6800 B. C., and carries back the beginnings of Central Asian civilization to 9000 B. C.—figures about which one will naturally reserve opinion. So, with regard to Dr. Pumpelly's theory that civilization moved from Central Asia westward to the region east of the Tigris (the Sumerians), thence to the Tigris-Euphrates valley, and then into Europe, it must be held that the data now available are not sufficient to warrant a decision of the question. Apart from these large theories, however, Dr. Pumpelly's Introduction (Part i of the work), based on the reports of his colaborers, is full of enlightening and suggestive remarks. His conclusion (p. 67) that "the agricultural stage preceded the nomadic shepherd stage in Asia, and that before domestication of animals, mankind in Central Asia was sharply divided into settled agriculturalists on oases and hunters wandering within a limited range," may excite surprise, and yet something like this state of things was and is found on the American continent. It is to be hoped that these explorations, already fruitful of results, may be continued.

Dr. Frederick Holme Wiggin, formerly president of the New York State Medical Association, honorary member of the Congress of German Surgeons at Berlin, and member of the council of the New York Academy of Sciences, died last week, aged fifty-seven.

David Pearce Penhallow, professor of botany at McGill University, Montreal, died a week ago, at the age of fifty-six. Chief among his writings, which consist largely of pamphlets, is his "Review of Canadian Botany from the First Settlement of New France to the Nineteenth Century."

Arthur Erwin Brown, secretary of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, and active head of the Zoölogical Gardens, dropped dead there last Saturday, from heart disease. He was widely known in scientific circles as a zoölogist and biologist; was a member and worker of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he was curator and vice-president; he was a member of the board of managers of the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and honorary member of the New York Society. He was corresponding member for the Zoölogical Society of London, and wrote zoölogical and biological articles for journals and meetings of societies. At the time of his death he was sixty years of age.

The death is reported of Louis Anthelme Gregori, best known, no doubt, for his unsuccessful attack upon Major Dreyfus, after the funeral ceremonies in honor of Emile Zola. He wrote extensively on military subjects.

Drama.

Richard John Cunliffe is the compiler of "A New Shakespearean Dictionary" (Imported by Scribner) upon which considerable labor and care have evidently been expended. Doubtless it will be welcome to students, as it offers in convenient form much instructive matter collated from different standard authorities—such as Schmidt's Lexicon, the best known concordances and glossaries, various annotated editions, the notes of Dr. H. H. Furness, the New English Dictionary, etc.—together with the fruit of the author's original study and reflection. The book, perhaps, would have greater weight if some of the interpretations were fortified by the specific authority, but, so far as can be judged from a somewhat rapid examination the explanation of obscure or obsolete words and phrases is full and correct. Whether all of it was necessary is another question. In many cases Mr. Cunliffe seems to put a very low estimate upon the ordinary intelligence of the real Shakespearean student. The Elizabethan language is not quite so much of a dead tongue—to persons capable of reading Shakespeare at all—as he appears to suppose. He says that he has "endeavored to exclude all words and senses of words that are still in good literary use," but in this he has been only partly successful. He often discerns a difficulty where none exists and his volume would be none the less useful as a book of ready reference if it were rid of superfluous matter. But conscientiousness, even when excessive, is in its way a virtue.

In his latest Wall Street drama, "The Gamblers," which was produced in Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Monday evening, Charles Klein seems to have had a double object in view: first, an illustration of the desperate and lawless expedients to which the spirit of speculative gambling may lead normally honest men to resort, and, secondly, an attack upon the alleged unscrupulous methods employed by government agents—as in the procuration of State's evidence, for instance—in the prosecution of financial offenders. One of his chief figures, a public prosecutor, is held up to scorn for his indulgence of private enmities and his remorseless employment of the evidence supplied to him by a cowardly traitor. He has not been particularly successful in either instance. His bankers are creatures of the theatre, not of actual life, and most persons, probably, would agree that his prosecutor is sufficiently justified in his action by the evidence in the case. Much that is specious or disingenuous in the play is plainly due to the necessity of creating sympathy for the hero, who, having broken the law, is, by the exigency of the plot, compelled to pay the penalty. It is to the credit of Mr. Klein that he carries his piece to a logical conclusion, and has not been willing to ignore everything for the sake of a happy ending. The most noticeable feature of "The Gamblers" is the excellence of its mechanism. As serious drama, it is not of much account, but it is an uncommonly effective bit of melodrama, in which the action, after the first explanatory scene, is constant and swift, the incidents ingenious, varied, and stirring, and the development reasonable. Mr. Klein is making a steady advance, apparently, in the art of dramatic construction. The performance of his play is entirely creditable to the Authors' Producing Company, of which it is the first enterprise. There are seven prominent personages in the cast, and each one of them is efficiently played. The level excellence of the representation is something uncommon enough nowadays to merit a special word of recognition.

William Gillette, in the past, has been accounted one of the successful play makers of the country, but his reputation in this respect is not likely to be increased by the nondescript piece, called "Electricity," which he has produced in the Lyceum Theatre. Following what is just now a popular lead, he has chosen Socialism, and the immemorial conflict between capital and labor for his themes, but his treatment of them is so shallow, cheap, and insincere, and his illustrations so puerile, that it is not easy to understand his real intent. A young millionaire disguises himself as a workman in order to make love to an heiress who affects to despise the idle rich and utters many childish platitudes concerning them, but all this does not prevent her from accepting her suitor, after discovering his identity. She stipulates, to be sure, that he shall earn his own living hereafter, but the whole course of the play is so tricky and theatrical that nothing in it can be taken seriously.

"The Seventh Daughter" has been decided upon as the name for a new play by Richard Harding Davis, which Liebler & Co. have accepted for immediate production. The title has to do with the leading character, who is a spiritualistic medium. This part will be played by Chrystal Herne.

It appears that Henrietta Crosman is not to persevere much longer with Percy MacKaye's "Anti-Matrimony." She will try a piece called "The Duchess of Suds," on the 21st of November. This sounds like an echo of "Madame Sans Gêne."

When "A Woman's Way" has come to an end at the London Comedy, Arthur Hardy will, by arrangement with Arthur Chudleigh, produce at that theatre an entirely new dramatization by F. Anstey of his own early novel, "Vice Versa." The first stage version of that story was presented at a Gaiety matinée, in April, 1883. When the piece was originally played, Charles Hawtrey appeared as the pompous Mr. Bultitude, while the part of Dick was sustained by Edward Rose, the adapter. These parts will be played in the present version—which is in three acts—by Fred Volpé and Spencer Trevor.

The rehearsals of "The Mellstock Quire," A. H. Evans's version of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," are going on at Dorchester, England, where the play will be produced at the Corn Exchange. The carols to be sung at the performance are "Behold! good news to man is come," "O! what unbounded goodness, Lord," and "Behold the Morning Star arise." The carols and tunes have been chosen by Mr. Hardy, and harmonized by a Dorchester musician, Boynton Smith, who is said to have caught the right spirit for these quaint old things. The play will probably be seen in London on or about November 24.

"Grace," the latest play of W. Somerset Maugham, which has just been produced in the Duke of York's Theatre, London, seems to be a piece created for its situations, not at all as an exemplification of life or manners. The heroine is supposed to be a good and charming middle-class young woman, who has made a brilliant match by marrying the squire, and soon becomes heartily sick of the frigid airs and condescension bestowed upon her by members of the exclusive county families who hold that her husband has made a mesalli-

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ance. So, being bored—though her husband loves her dearly, and trusts her utterly—she surrenders herself to a lover for whom she cares nothing at all. Soon afterward a poor girl upon the estate, a gamekeeper's daughter, who has been led astray, commits suicide because the squire insists upon her banishment, lest she should come into contact with his flawless wife. All this makes Grace extremely uncomfortable, and she even meditates confession—upon the advice of the village parson—but from this she is dissuaded by a strong-minded woman friend, who says that her most effective penance will be secret remorse, and that the best thing that she can do is to make her husband happy. This she proceeds to do, to the best of her ability, and the good man is exceedingly flattered, gratified, and happy. Just what is the moral, meaning, or significance of all this it would be difficult to say. Evidently the plot is manufactured to provide one or two desired situations. But Mr. Maugham is said to have put some good work into the piece, and Irene Vanbrugh is reported as having been exceedingly effective in the central character.

A Shakespeare Memorial and Theatrical Exhibition is in progress in the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where there are collected portraits of old English actors, supposed representations of Shakespeare, early editions, facsimiles, etc. School children and others are to present some of the plays.

Music.

Standard Biographies. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75.

If Paderewski, who is not only the greatest of living pianists but the leading composer for his instrument, should come across Mr. Upton's latest volume, read the first three lines of the preface: "It has been the purpose of the compiler of this volume to present biographies of the composers whose works are most familiar in the concert room," and then glanced at the table of contents, he would doubtless be equally amazed and amused to find the names of 104 men, but not a word about himself. Yet he has given the world more than any other living master of that commodity—melody—which Mr. Upton so sadly misses in contemporary productions. His surprise would increase if, on further examination, he found included in this "handbook of reference for the concert-room" the names of composers who are known exclusively by their operas, such as Bellini, Donizetti, Leoncavallo, while the one modern Italian who has devoted himself successfully to the composition of chamber and other concert music—Sgambati—is also utterly ignored. The Polish pianist-composer might also wonder at the picture facing the title-page, entitled "Meyerbeer and His Ideals"—Meyerbeer, whose chief ideals were sensationalism and applause, as the author himself virtually admits on p. 305.

Apart from these peculiarities we have noticed nothing in this useful handbook that does not call for cordial praise. The title is perhaps somewhat misleading, inasmuch as the purely biographic features have been condensed into the fewest possible words, most of the space being given to general estimates of the composers in hand and enumeration of those of their works which have survived, a page being given in each case to a bird's-eye view of the most important pieces. Mr. Upton's own estimates are remarkably sane and just, and he has added the opinions of other distinguished critics. Of some of his favorites he writes with real affection, notably of Schubert. Not a few of the composers Mr. Upton has known personally, and this enables him to introduce anecdotes and information at first hand. Concerning Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" he says: "Of this great work the writer has it from the composer's own lips that the first movement represents wind and water, the second an evening on the ocean, the third a dance of Tritons and Naiads, and the finale a procession of Neptune and his attendants." Rubinstein subsequently added two more movements, and when asked what they signified, he humorously replied: "Getting on dry land again."

It is interesting to note how the nations fare in this author's choice of the 104 names. Of the composers listed, 37 are German, 17 French, 16 American, by birth or adoption; 9 Russian, 9 Italian, 6 British, and as many Scandinavian, while Bohemia is represented by Smetana and Dvorák, Poland by Chopin, and Hungary by Liszt. For giving Americans so prominent a place Mr. Upton does not apologize; quite the contrary, he explains that some of our own composers are omitted, not because their music is of a low order of merit, but because it is not found in the programmes of the present. His American list includes Buck, Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Foster, Gleason, Hadley, Kelley, Loeffler, MacDowell, Paine, Parker, Root, Shelley, Stock, Van der Stucken. Two of these, Loeffler and Stock, were born abroad, but they have become Americanized. Stock, to whom it is rumored, has been offered the conductorship of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra after the departure of Gustav Mahler, was brought to this country by Theodore Thomas, who recognized at once his thorough musicianship and soon made him assistant conductor. When Thomas died, some of the directors were for engaging a foreign conductor of international repute. Fortunately, their advice was disregarded, and Stock succeeded to the conductorship of the Chicago Orchestra, the duties of which he has since "exercised with marked ability and increasing success." Mr. Upton might have added that the great pianists, violinists, and singers always look forward to appearing at a concert under Mr. Stock's direction, one of his most enthusiastic admirers being the Polish pianist who is so incomprehensibly slighted in this volume.

Philip Hale announces that an exhaustive catalogue of the programmes of all the concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra outside of Boston, as well as in that city, is now being prepared. The catalogue is so made that any one looking, for instance, at "Beethoven: Symphony No. 1," will see at a glance how often and where this symphony has been played, with the date of performance.

The Kneisel Quartet opens its twenty-sixth season and nineteenth season in New York with one of the largest subscriptions in the history of the Quartet. The regular subscription series of six concerts will be given on Tuesday evenings: November 15, December 13, January 17, February 7, March 14, and April 4. No matinées will be given, as Mr. Kneisel has decided to limit the annual number of appearances of the Quartet. The November tours take the Quartet as far West as Duluth, sixteen concerts being played in that month.

One of the most interesting novelties of the season will be produced by the Adele Margulies Trio at Mendelssohn Hall on the evening of November 17—a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, by Erich Korngold, the thirteen-year-old composer (he is a son of the eminent Viennese journalist, Dr. Korngold), whose pieces are astonishing the leading European musicians.

What can be done toward creating an interest in music in a town that has been indifferent to its higher manifestations is shown once more in the case of Charlestown, W. Va., a city of 30,000 inhabitants, and a centre of the mining world. A few years ago William S. Mason, a pupil of Brodsky and D'Indy, arranged for some concerts of chamber music by a good quartet. A few soloists, also, were engaged, among them Bispham, Fanning, and Petchnikoff; but most of the music was furnished by the quartet. For the first two years there was a deficit, but for the present season the subscription has doubled. The future looks bright, and ere long, no doubt, the quartet will grow into an orchestra.

Little is known in this country about Italian chamber music. That this music deserves to be better known—very much so, indeed—is the conviction of Giuseppe Aldo Randegger; and, what is more, he intends to demonstrate its artistic merits by having the best of it performed by the Randegger Società per la Musica Italiana at three Mendelssohn Hall concerts, on the evenings of January 11, February 15, and March 21. Mr. Randegger will play the piano parts and his associates will be two prominent players, the violinist Leonardo Brill, and the violoncellist Paul Kefer. Other artists are to be presented in quartets, songs, etc.

Boris Hambourg, brother of the famous pianist, and no less eminent himself as a violoncello player, will make his New York début at Mendelssohn Hall Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hambourg is as popular in

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England as May Mukle, and he has been equally successful on the Continent. He is a player of the Fritz Kreisler type, and, like Kreisler, he has unearthed a number of old pieces for his instrument which had been prematurely buried, and which now add special interest to his programmes. He is editing a collection of these seventeenth and eighteenth century pieces, which will soon be published.

Art.

ART EXHIBITIONS IN NEW YORK.

The New York Water Color Club opened the art season last Saturday with an exhibition at the American Fine Arts building, in West Fifty-seventh Street. It cannot be called a propitious opening, for the two galleries abound with poor drawings. One room, and that rather sparsely hung, would have sufficed for those that are worth considering. You do not wonder so much why such things are produced as you marvel that any one should care to exhibit them. It was hoped that the president of the club, H. B. Snell, would show several pictures based upon his recent visit to India. He exhibits only one, A Dak Bungalow, which is not particularly interesting. But his Fishing Boats with brown sails on the pale waters of the Zuyder Zee is one of the gems of the exhibition, for Mr. Snell knows how to paint water, and he can make his boats move, however lazily. Charles Warren Eaton has three pastels of the Italian Lakes, gorgeous in their blues and purples, and a strong contrast in their serenity to the dazzling brightness of Edward Dufner's September Sunshine and Summer Days, with the stiffly drawn figure of a woman seated on the bank of a stream. Two charming works are the Mt. San Jacinto and the Desert Shower by Marion Kavanagh Wachtel. In the former a shadow falls across the foreground, where stand gnarled cypress trees and rocks; beyond, a lovely valley filled with sunshine and dotted with red-roofed cabins, and then the foothills leading up to the mountain with snow still glistening near its summit. In the latter low clouds sweep across the desert and gleams of light pour between the low mesas in the distance.

James Verrier's Summer Sea bears the stamp of Japanese influence by which a beautiful effect has been produced with slight means. The colors used are perfectly pure, principally a deep blue for the rippling sea, while the surf is represented by the white paper untouched by any color. Jane Peterson's sketches of Brittany scenes are clever, but a dozen of them at a time are apt to pall, for they are all very much alike. Jerome Myers exhibits several of his sketches of East Side scenes. E. M. Bicknell has a particularly good sea and rock piece, Foggy Morning. A river scene at closing day, with some exquisite grays in it and a few lights from the houses on the further shore, is by Adele Williams, and Mary C. Trask has chosen a Saturday Night on Bleecker Street as the scene of a drawing full of life and color. Colin Campbell Cooper shows two large paintings of old German houses and the porch of a church at Semur, France, which is a notable piece of architectural painting. Taber Sears's Hamilton Bay, with its gray water and white houses, is good, especially in the perspective of the long string of boats tied to the shore. Elmer Livingston MacRae exhibits several interesting Boston scenes. Marion H. Beckett's Three Fates walking behind each other is a pastel drawing with great beauty of line, reminding one somewhat of Whistler. The Beal prize of $200 for the most meritorious water color in the exhibition has been awarded to Miss Tony Nell for a Study in Black.

It is one of the charms of Frank Partridge's gallery, at No. 741 Fifth Avenue, that the place is not crowded. Each piece of old English furniture has plenty of room about it. Every opportunity is afforded to examine it thoroughly. There are also a few specimens of Chinese porcelain, among them four figures, two of the Ming period. But the figures of Chinese gods do not appear yet to have acquired the vogue in this country that they have abroad. Then there are a few pieces of jade, bowls of exquisite color and form, and the statuette of a god carved in such a wonderful piece of jade that even if you do not care for the figure, you cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of the stone. And there is a Buddha in white porcelain which is believed to be the largest specimen ever made in that material. For our part, however, we much prefer old furniture to Buddhas, and we therefore turn from that intensely and rather aggravating complacent expression of his to look at a delightful *table à jour* painted by Angelica Kauffman with medallions of nymphs and graces and flowers on a rich green ground. Not the highest possible art, perhaps, but a mighty pretty art. Then we come across a commode of Sheraton's painted on satinwood, in a bolder style than Angelica's, with bouquets of flowers and borders imitating Wedgwood, pale blue porcelain, and with panels on the doors of the rich wood.

A. G. Schulman, a young teacher in the art department of the College of the City of New York, shows much promise and much good work already done in a collection of paintings which is on exhibition at the Haas Art Gallery, No. 648 Madison Avenue. There is great beauty in the glowing atmosphere that the artist gives to several of his scenes on the Connecticut shore. One, of a clump of cedars, with a stretch of pale blue water in the distance, is permeated with the light of a setting sun. There is a painting of an interior of a forest, in which a great oak stands prominent, filled with the same glowing atmosphere. In nearly all his pictures, Mr. Schulman shows that he has paid close and vigilant attention to nature. He has learned the construction of trees, though sometimes, as, for instance, in the painting of the edge of a forest, the foliage is inclined to woollenness, and he has shown that he can use sunlight to produce pleasing and restful sensations. The exhibition, which is well worth a visit, will remain open until November 19.

Walter Scott Perry, director of the School of Fine and Applied Arts, is giving a series of illustrated lectures on Architecture, Sculpture, Decoration, and Painting at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Mr. Perry has already given two of his lectures on Indian art, and will give five more on the same subject, and two on Japanese art. Italian, French, Dutch, Spanish, and English painting will be the subjects of the remaining eight lectures, which will be delivered on Wednesday afternoons from four to five o'clock.

Two handsome portraits of Spanish origin have been recently added to the Brandus Galleries, No. 712 Fifth Avenue. They are three-quarter-length portraits of men representing Sculpture and Music. The figure of the beardless young man posing as Music is particularly striking.

The Mond Collection, an Appreciation. By J. P. Richter, Ph.D. 2 illustrated vols., 4to, with a portfolio of 41 photogravures. London: John Murray. 15 guineas net.

In 1884 Dr. Ludwig Mond commissioned the well-known art historian, Dr. J. P. Richter, to form a collection of old masters. No monetary limitations were imposed, and the sole condition was that the pictures should be of museum rank. After ten years of selection and elimination, the Mond gallery was virtually complete. It formed a congruous gallery of examples of the great Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Sienese school being omitted and preponderance given to North Italian painting. A splendid Peruginesque Raphael was its most famous feature, but it contained also a finished drawing for the Virgin with St. Anne, in the Louvre, by Leonardo da Vinci, three pictures of different periods by Giovanni Bellini, a signed Madonna by Gentile Bellini, a superb Mantegna, fine predellas by Signorelli, two decorative panels by Botticelli, and an admirable late Titian, not to mention such secondary artists as Sodoma, Luini, Crivelli, Montagna, Palma Vecchio, Fra Bartolommeo, Francia, Catena, Antonio Canale, and Guardi. Dr. Mond died while this elaborate catalogue was in the press,

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leaving the most important pictures of the collection to the National Gallery.

Dr. Richter has produced a catalogue of a remarkable and interesting sort. Instead of the usual alternation of plates with brief descriptions and records of provenance, each picture is fully interpreted in a kind of essay. Besides the discussion of attribution and of place within the artist's *œuvre*, minutest attention is paid to literary sources and religious symbolism; in short, to all historical facts that bear upon the picture. From his ripe erudition Dr. Mond makes considerable contributions to iconography. We may only specify the clarifying interpretation of Mantegna's The Infant Christ at the Fountain. The volume is so full of information of this sort that one must regret that the index was confined to persons and places. The catalogue is delightful reading, and while it is of a kind that presupposes zeal in the publisher and extraordinary knowledge in the compiler, we think the type will be imitated. By assembling all relevant information about a collection, not merely its enjoyment may be greatly enhanced, but also a substantial contribution made to the history of art. Dr. Richter has worked independently very much along the humanely discursive lines followed by John La Farge and A. F. Jaccaci in their remarkable catalogue of "Noteworthy Paintings in American Private Collections."

Dr. Richter's opportunities for estimating these pictures have been so favorable and continuous that your reviewer records with diffidence one or two dissenting opinions. We think few critics will set Botticelli's St. Zenobius panels, which have been reckoned as among his latest works, before the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, 1481. Dr. Mond is led to this revolutionary opinion by the bright color of these panels. But we think that a kind of wincing emotionalism and a curious disequilibrium in these interesting compositions could hardly be paralleled in Botticelli's early work. The gay colors may have been dictated by the decorative destination of these *cassone* fronts, and Dr. Richter's comparison with the color of the dated epiphany of 1500 in the National Gallery seems misleading. It is possible that the Zenobius panels with their pendant at Dresden have been set a little too late, but we doubt if Dr. Richter will persuade anybody to date them earlier than 1490. Your reviewer holds by Mr. Horne's view that these panels must be dated after 1500. A Portrait of a Lady, Tuscan School (plate xxxi), which Dr. Richter associates with the beautiful and enigmatical profile in the Poldi Pezzoli Museum, makes a deplorable impression in the reproduction. The portrait has an uncomfortably modern suggestion. The oblique perspective of the shoulders alone is very odd for a profile portrait of the middle of the fifteenth century. In the list of Michele Giambono's works an admirable little Pietà in the Metropolitan Museum should have been included.

Dr. Richter's prefatory essay on the course of collecting and connoisseurship in England is very judicious. His disinclination to attribute certain ambiguous classes of pictures is praiseworthy, and his pungent remark that to ascribe pictures to such protean dabblers as Sebastiano Lazzari and Botticini is in the nature of a "game of chance," deserves to be pondered. There is a considerable contribution of new information about minor artists of the Venetian and Veronese schools—most noteworthy, perhaps, is the identification of an allegorical lunette from the Venetian mint as the work of Giuseppe Porta, an able follower of Paolo Veronese.

In general this catalogue deserves almost unqualified praise. It is beautifully made. The two vellum-clad volumes of text, which contain illustrations of the smaller pictures and of pictures cited collaterally, are light in the hand; the folio prints in the portfolio are of most careful execution. The work is not merely necessary to the scholar, but charming reading for the cultured layman. This "appreciation," as Dr. Richter modestly calls his book, makes an ideal complement to the task of assembling the collection. One rarely finds a great scholar in so genially communicative a mood, and with such an opportunity for leisurely self-expression.

"Das Kinderalbum," by Adolph Menzel, being reproductions of twenty-five gouache and water-color sketches in the Royal National Gallery at Berlin, has been handsomely issued by E. A. Seemann of Leipzig and imported by Lemcke & Buechner.

Arts and Decoration, a magazine, the first issue of which appears this month, contains: "A New Idea in American Architecture," "Homes of the Barbizon Painters," "Sergeant Kendall, Painter of Children," "Living American Painters," "Artists Who Have Made Furniture and Decorated Rooms," and "The Gentle Art of Picking Up Antiques."

Until direct color-photography can be applied to engraved plates, we must be satisfied with the three-color reproductions of *Lumière* transparencies. A successful example of it lies before us in the charming volume, "Summer Flowers of the High Alps," by Somerville Hastings (Dutton). The forty engravings are chosen from the fruits of many studies, and are effective as showing the capabilities of this roundabout method. It is doubtlessly widely known that the most successful process of catching the natural colors of well-lighted objects which are perfectly stationary, is that by which colored granules of starch on a glass plate are so disclosed by openings in an otherwise opaque screen as to give precisely the colors which exist in nature. But in order to multiply this colored photograph, it is necessary to print three or more "three-color" plates, one over the other. In such cases, everything depends upon the skill of the operator. In the volume which gives the alpine flowers, we have a fair copy of the exact record made by sunlight on the sensitive film. The engravings are accompanied by well-written text.

"A Catalogue of Paintings in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute," by William H. Goodyear and A. D. Savage, contains about five hundred titles. Owing to lack of gallery space only a half of these pictures are exhibited. In the main the collection has grown by gifts, hence irregularly. Of late years, however, modern American pictures have been purchased systematically and judiciously out of the museum's own funds. A large group of water-colors by John Sargent, and a handful of sketches, by Barye, are especially alluring features. In old masters a beginning has been made with a fine *predella*, of six panels, by Taddeo Gaddi, not to mention varied exhibits of seventeenth century date, mostly loans. There are also some good early American paintings by artists, for example, Quidor, not elsewhere to be seen. Except for bibliographies of Sargent and Whistler, this concise catalogue follows the usual model, and in omitting measurements shares a usual defect. In the introduction we read that of the 252 pictures now shown only three belonged to the museum when it was opened in 1897. The figures speak eloquently for the public spirit of the officers and supporters of this institution.

So many handbooks of pottery and porcelain have appeared of late that each new work ought, seemingly, to contain much that is original, either in subject matter or in treatment, to justify its publication. "Porcelain, Oriental, Continental, and British," by R. L. Hobson, B.A., assistant in the British Museum (Frederick A. Stokes Company), is a comparatively small book of wide compass. Its most obviously valuable feature is that it gives virtually equal emphasis to the porcelain manufactures of China and Japan and those carried on in European countries since Böttger's discovery of kaolin, in 1709. The justness of the author's sense of balance offers a certain excuse for the work, for the tendency among writers on this subject is either to make a mere preface of the Oriental story, or, telling that at length, to leave the reader with an impression that certain rather inferior Occidental manufactories of hard and soft paste porcelain also ran for a century or so. Mr. Hobson skilfully avoids display of erudition, so that his text is readable and interesting. His insistence on "paste, glaze, and decoration as the safest guides to the acquisition of genuine specimens, marks being regarded as of secondary importance," is in line with the best opinion among collectors. Not only is it true that "controversial points have been either as lightly touched as possible or entirely eschewed," but that the author has obviously tried not to show any personal predilections. He comes nearest to revealing enthusiasm in his exposition of some of the excellences of Japanese porcelains, which, because of the superb qualities of the Satsuma and Kioto earthenwares, have not generally been appreciated at their real worth. He exhibits an evident distaste for the cult of the archaic in

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his strictures on "the perverted æstheticism of the Cha-jin," the connoisseurs of the Japanese tea clubs who have "united to honor common clay vessels of the rudest imaginable forms, covered with splashes of thick treacly glaze which look more like accidents of the kiln than purposeful decoration." The sub-title of the book, "Porcelain of All Countries," which is printed on the cover though not on the title page, is a misnomer, for no mention is made of American porcelains, such as those produced in Philadelphia by William Ellis Tucker about 1825 and a little later by several potters. In general, the object "to give in compact and inexpensive form all the facts which the collector really needs, besides as many practical hints as can be compressed in a general work of portable size," has been creditably attained.

The excavations conducted by the Archæological Institute of Vienna, at Ephesus, have had satisfactory results. They have already brought to light the Roman Forum; the theatre with a stone-paved path leading to the sea; the great præstoa; and three arches, one bearing a dedication to Augustus and Agrippa. Many statues and bas-reliefs of the period of Antoninus were found built into a wall of later date and these have been partly transported to Vienna. Among the former is an interesting statue of Celsus Polemianus, who was consul in 92 A. D., and proconsul in 106-107 A. D. It is above life-size, and represents the proconsul wearing armor with representations of a gorgon and griffins, and grasping the hilt of his sword with his left hand. The bas-reliefs seem chiefly to record the victories of Marcus Aurelius over the Parthians. Of great interest is one representing Semele as Artemis, driving a chariot drawn by deer, preceded by Hesperus and approaching Night. The deer are traversing the sea, which is represented as a goddess with waving locks, grasping a helm and leaning upon a sea-monster. On a relief, which is somewhat larger than the others, is depicted the Emperor in a chariot, drawn by three horses, with Victory standing before him and grasping the bridles of the horses. The chariot is preceded—as in the relief on the Arch of Titus—by a figure symbolizing strength or virtue, behind whom rises the Sun, crowned with rays; beneath the horses appears the Goddess of Fortune grasping ears of corn, flowers, and fruit.

John Adams Acton, the English sculptor who died last Monday, was educated at the Royal Academy Schools. There he quickly distinguished himself, carrying off the highest honors for studies from the antique and the life, and winning the travelling scholarship. He was sent to Rome, under the presidency of Sir Charles Eastlake, and became the pupil of Gibson; he remained in Italy for ten years. He was the author of many busts and statues, both of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. The Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey came from his studio. He produced also the George Cruikshank monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and monments in other cathedrals and churches. He made notable statues of Gladstone for Liverpool and Blackburn, and created a well-known effigy of Beaconsfield. Examples of his work are frequent in India, and are to be found both in Canada and the United States.

Finance.

A LANDMARK OF THE TIMES.

When Disraeli, thirty years ago, spoke of "the sweet simplicity of the three per cents," he was talking of British consols, and he was plainly enough making reference to the contented equanimity with which the British investor might leave his money in consols, assured that, when he wanted to take it out again, he could do so on a substantially unchanged basis of valuation. Consols are not 3 per cents now; but what is more to the point, they are certainly not characterized, in the markets of to-day, by sweet simplicity. On the contrary, the movement of their market has of late been such as to baffle and perplex the financial mind. Last week they sold on the London Stock Exchange for 78¾, and that was the lowest price since 1847.

This is a very remarkable incident of the times; not less so, in view of the facts that British consols sold at 113⅞ as lately as 1897, and that even when peace was signed in South Africa in 1902, after a billion dollars had been sunk in war expenditure, they were quoted at 97. The controversy as to the cause of this decline—their interest rate in those two years having been only ¼ of 1 per cent. above to-day's—has pitched alternately on a dozen different explanations. The reasoning has been based on financial exhaustion from the war; the high British income tax (which is deducted from interest payments on consols); the Liberal party's programme of social experiments; the unprecedented borrowings by other governments; the struggle over the House of Lords; high cost of living, which is supposed to make investors want securities with a higher rate than 2½ per cent.; admission of colonial bonds to the field of British savings bank investments, previously monopolized by British government securities; the tendency to stock speculation, tempting capitalists to sell their gilt-edged holdings so as to raise more money for a "flyer"; the world's increased gold production, which of itself is imagined, in some way not usually identified by the reasoner, to hurt creditors and help debtors, and hence to depress bonds while raising stocks—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

This is certainly pretty far away from sweet simplicity. But the concern in the matter, on the part of the financial world at large, arises from the suspicion that, whatever may be the collateral causes of the decline in British consols, the fundamental cause is something which is common to all securities of their class. In other words, the phenomenon is a landmark in financial history.

The fact that the price of consols fell, on Wednesday of last week, to the lowest actual price in sixty-three years, and that the price was 35 points under that of thirteen years ago, suggests still another field of inquiry, in which one may be able to find some instructive coincidences or contrasts. If it is true that consols have not touched last week's low price since 1847, it may then be asked, what brought them so low on the earlier occasion? If they reached a vastly higher valuation in 1897, what was the reason? We shall find, in this historical inquiry, both contrasts and coincidences with the circumstances of to-day, and if they do not solve the problem—they probably will not—they will at least throw light upon it. When consols in 1847 sold at 78¾, having sold at par less than two years before, the financial and political situation was curiously upset. This was not, as in the decade past, because of war. England had then been engaged in no great war since 1815. But in two other respects, 1847 resembled the present time. It followed two years after 1845, when the wild railway promotion and speculation had culminated in panic. It came just one year before the famous popular uprisings of 1848, when half the European governments were shaken, when the King of lower Italy was dethroned, and Louis Philippe fled from France, and the people fought the soldiers in the streets of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, and the Irish rebels rose, and the Chartists met in the London squares to demand Parliamentary reform.

Now whatever may be said as to actual causes of the decline in consols, then or now, it is certain that, both in 1847 and 1910, the price of 78¾ was touched in a period which followed overdone exploitation, unprecedented issue of new securities in the transportation industry, rash speculation, and financial collapse, and which was characterized by world-wide political unsettlement. In the bursting of a financial boom, 1907 was a very fair parallel to 1845; in ferment of politics throughout the nations, one need only recall, as at least partial present-day coincidences, the Turkish revolution, the struggle over the House of Lords in England, the dethronement of the King of Portugal, the parliamentary ferment in Germany, and the "insurgent movement" in American politics. While conditions in these directions present so curious a resemblance, conditions in the matter of gold production provide no parallel at all; for in 1847 gold had not yet been discovered in California or Australia, and production was not increasing.

But how did they reach the high-level price of their history in 1897? Not because of decreased gold production. The world's gold output of 1897 was 13 per cent. above that of 1896, and greater by nearly 100 per cent. than in 1890. But prices for commodities touched, in 1897,

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the lowest average level in half a century. Accumulation of capital had been very rapid, because of low price of materials and low cost of living. Governments were at peace; they had been so since 1871; therefore there were no hulking public loans to build navies, and no 6 per cent. British income tax. Furthermore, the world-wide spirit of speculation had not been stirred up; thrifty people were willing to keep their money in government securities. French government bonds that year sold 10 per cent. higher than to-day; Imperial German 3 per cents were 16 points above this week's quotation.

But within a year after 1897, speculation was spreading rapidly. Cost of existence was mounting; governments had begun to quarrel—England with the Transvaal, the United States with Spain, Japan with Russia. Navies, increasing in size by arithmetical progression, put in their appearance. Issues of new securities at London, which were $785,000,000 in 1897, rose to $825,000,000 in 1900 and $911,000,000 in 1909. Listings of new securities at New York, which were $140,000,000 in 1897 and $440,000,000 in 1900, got up to $1,000,000,000 in 1909. It was along with all this that the 35-point decline in British consols came.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baldwin, M. Two Schoolgirls of Florence. Dutton. $1.50.
Balet, J. C. Military Japan. Translated from the French by C. A. Parry. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.
Bangs, M. R. Jeanne d'Arc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Barrie, J. M. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Barss, J. E. Writing Latin. (Book One.) Revised ed. Boston: Heath.
Bartlett, F. O. The Prodigal Pro Tem. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.
Beach, E. L. Midshipman Ralph Osborn at Sea: a Story of the U. S. Navy. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.
Belknap, R. R. American House Building in Messina and Reggio. Putnam. $2.
Blanchard, G. Phil's Happy Girlhood. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.
Bishop, W. S. The Development of Trinitarian Doctrine. Longmans. 75 cents net.
Brown, K. H. White Roses. Duffield. $1.20 net.
Browne, H. B. Short Plays from Dickens. Scribner. $1 net.
Browning. Sonnets from the Portuguese. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.75.
Burnet, I. Platonis Opera: Apologia, Meno. Frowde.
Burr, A. J. Plays in the Market Place. Englewood, N. J.: Hillside Press.
Cannon, H. L. Reading References for English History. Boston: Ginn.
Carlyle's Lectures on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and The Heroic in History. Edited by P. C. Parr. Frowde.
Chatterbox, 1910. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25.
Clark, J. K. Systematic Moral Education. A. S. Barnes Co.
Confessions of a Rebellious Wife. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.
Cooper. The Last of the Mohicans. Illustrated. Holt. $1.35 net.
Corbin, J. Husband, and The Forbidden Guests: Two Plays. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Crawford, M. C. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Cromwell, J. H. The American Business Woman. Second, revised, edition. Putnam. $2.
Cust, R. H. H. The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, 2 vols. Macmillan. $9 net.
Danby, F. Let the Roof Fall In. Appleton. $1.50.
Davey, R. The Tower of London. Dutton. $3 net.
Davidson, E. B. The Bunnikins-Bunnies in Europe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Dawson, W. The Scourge. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.
Doane, R. W. Insects and Disease. Holt. $1.50 net.
Dumas. Episodes from Dumas's Les Trois Mousquetaires, edited, with notes, by I. H. B. Spiers. Boston: Heath. 45 cents.
Eaton, W. P. At the New Theatre and Others. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.
Elson, W. H., and Keck, C. Elson Grammar School Reader. Book Two. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp). The Silence of Amor; Where the Forest Murmurs. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Flowerdew, H. The Second Elopement. Brentano. $1.50.
Folk Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by H. W. Mabie. Doubleday, Page. 90 cents net.
Forrester, I. L. Those Preston Twins. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.25.
Freeston, C. L. The High-Roads of the Alps. Scribner. $3 net.
Fulton, R. I., and Trueblood, T. C. Essentials of Public Speaking. Second ed. Boston: Ginn.
Gallizier, N. The Court of Lucifer: a Tale of the Renaissance. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Edited for school use. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
G. H. P. The Little Gingerbread Man. Putnam. $1.25.
Gillmore, I. H. Phoebe and Ernest. Holt. $1.50.
Glazebrook, M. G. Studies in the Book of Isaiah. Frowde.
Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen, together with Zu Shakspeares Namestag. With Notes by J. A. C. Hildner. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.
Goldsmith, O. Poems. Introduction by H. S. Krans. Putnam. $1.50.
Goudy, H. Trichotomy in Roman Law. Frowde.
Guigou, P. The Animal Trainer. From the French by E. Mills. Pictures in color. Duffield.
Hartmann, S. The Whistler Book. Boston: Page. $2.50.
Haviland, M. D. Lives of the Fur Folk. Longmans.
Hawthorne's A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Illus. by M. Parrish. Duffield.
Hawthorne. A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys and Tanglewood Tales. Illus. by G. Fell. Dutton. $2.50.
Hedges, J. E. Common Sense in Politics. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Hoffman, R. F. Mark Enderby, Engineer. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Hooper, L. Hand-Loom Weaving. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Hoover, B. R. Opal. Harper. $1.20 net.
Hope, A. Second String. Doubleday, Page.
Hoyt, E. The Little Chum Club. Boston: Wilde Co. 50 cents.
International Studio. Vol XLI, 1910. Lane Co.
Johnson, C. Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains. Macmillan. $2 net.
Jones, S. C. Out of Drowning Valley. Holt. $1.50.
Jordan, D. S. The Call of the Nation. Boston: American Unitarian Assn. $1 net.
Journals of the Continental Congress. Vols. XVII and XVIII. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Jowett, G. T. The Apocalypse of St. John. Frowde.
Kanoldt, J. Guide Through the Old Pinakothek of Munich. Trans. from the German by C. Hellwig. Munich. Heinrich Jaffe.
Kleiser, G. How to Argue and Win; How to Develop Self-Confidence in Speech and Manner. 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net, each.
Kipling, R. Collected Verse. (Illustrated.) Doubleday, Page.
Knight, S. S. Human Life. Fenno.
Law, F. H. Sister Clementia: a Novel. Fenno. $1.50.
Lindsay, F. Panama and the Canal Today. Boston: Page.
Lloyd, J. The Invaders. Fenno. $1.50.
Loisy, A. The Religion of Israel. Translated. Putnam. $1.50.
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